The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

With this number of The Bookman we have pleasure in presenting to our readers an unique collection of pictures in connection with the Centenary of Ralph Waldo Emerson. For kind assistance in enabling us to obtain many of these illustrations we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. C. W. Sutton, of the Free Reference Library, King Street, Manchester, for the loan of some interesting portraits from the Alexander Ireland Collection; to Mrs. Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, for permission to reproduce the painting by David Scott; to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., for illustrations from their Centenary edition of Emerson's works; to Mr. Alexander Carlyle and Mr. Alfred Knight, for the loan of photographs; to Messrs. Gibbings and Co., Ltd., for a drawing by Frank Brangwyn; to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd., Messrs. Walter Scott, Ltd., and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., for kind permission to reproduce a number of portraits, etc., from their various publications, and to Mr. Walter Lewin for placing at our disposal several works in connection with Emerson's life, and for further assistance rendered.

C. RANGER GULL,
Author of "His Grace's Grace," a review of which appears in another column.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Greening and Co., Ltd.)
Photo by Sidney Carr, St. Ives, Cornwall.

Messrs. Methuen are announcing that they will publish Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems in the autumn. The book will be entitled "The Five Nations." It will contain the famous "Recessional" amongst other poems which have already been published in different periodicals, and in addition some twenty-five poems which are quite new.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a new "Just-So" story, which, after it has been published serially, will be included with the others in the volume of the "Just-So Stories" to be issued this autumn in the edition de luxe of the author's works.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, whose Nature books have had such a great vogue on both sides of the Atlantic, is putting the finishing touches to his new book, which will be called "Two Little Savages: Being the adventures of two boys who lived as Indians, and what they learned." It will be profusely illustrated in Mr. Thompson Seton's inimitable style. Mr. Thompson Seton is contemplating a lengthy stay in this country during the winter months, and he will probably make a short lecturing tour. In the United States his popularity as a lecturer is enormous.

A. B. WALKLEY,
Whose New Book, "Dramatic Criticism," is reviewed on another page.
Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn.

Mr. J. J. Bell's second book, "Ethel," will be published simultaneously in this country and New York on the 5th June. It will be published by the Scots Pictorial Publishing Company, the firm that issued "Wee Macgreegor," and in New York by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, who are the authorised publishers of "Wee Macgreegor" in the United States.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling is busy making the plaster casts, photographs of which will form the decorations to the "Outward Bound" edition of his son's "Just-So Stories."

There have been many rumours of late of the formation of a great publishers' combine in America. We are in a position to state that these are completely unfounded. It is true that several of the largest firms were approached with a view to a combination, but that the scheme was found impracticable.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish early this autumn Dr. Lyman Abbott's long expected Life of Henry Ward Beecher.

The Rev. Charles W. Gordon, so widely known as Ralph Connor, the author of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," is at work on a biography of Dr. Robertson, the Superintendent of Missions in the Canadian North-West.

Mrs. Allhusen, the author of "Miss Molly," has returned from the Cape, where she has been spending the winter months. Mrs. Allhusen's new novel will be published by Messrs. Methuen in the autumn.

Miss Smedley, the author of "An April Princess," is collecting and carefully editing her series of articles, some of which have appeared from time to time in the *St. James's Gazette* under the title of "The Boudoir Critic." These will be published in volume form in this country by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, most probably during the month of July.

Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., have now reissued the Riverside edition of Emerson's works in their Autograph Classics Series, in four volumes, entitled "The Sovereign Emerson," bound in cloth and leather, thin paper format, at £1 and £1 5s. net, and this is proving a very favourite edition. The publication of the Riverside Emerson was commenced in 1883 in eleven volumes, at 3s. 6d. each, and was rendered permissible by the purchase in that year of the English copyright of the "Lectures" and "Miscellanies." In 1894 a further purchase was made of the rights of "The Natural History of Intellect," and a twelfth volume was added with a general index, thus producing the only complete edition of Emerson published in England. Messrs. Routledge and Sons also issue a small volume of Emerson's poems, and a "Popular Library" edition of the works in one volume, at 3s. 6d., of which about 30,000 copies have already been sold.

The Life of Sir George Grove has been pleasantly written by Mr. C. L. Graves, and it is published by Messrs. Macmillan. Grove was a man of various interests, but he was best known to men of letters as the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*. He was, if we mistake not, the second editor, succeeding Professor Masson, whom he assisted for several months. Grove was kind and genial to his contributors, and was particularly courteous in writing to unknown people. He kept up the standard of the magazine, having as his most constant contributors Tom Hughes, Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Kingsley, and Goldwin Smith. Among the new writers introduced by him were Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. St. Loë Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, who made his literary début in *Macmillan* for September, 1877, with a poem entitled "Love's Arrows."

Grove became associated later with the great firm of Macmillan as literary adviser. This was in 1873. His chief work for the firm was the editing of the Dictionary of Music. It was hoped that other books especially dealing with his favourite subjects—geography and the Bible—might come from his pen or be produced under his guidance. But Mr. George A. Macmillan says: "The work on the Dictionary, added to the monthly demands of the magazine and of his large correspondence, gradually absorbed his energies, and in the end nothing else was produced except the little primer of Geography. But after all the Dictionary of Music remains as the splendid monument of his work with us, and apart from actual product it was of no small advantage to a publisher to have at hand a man of his keen

literary sense and varied knowledge. Needless to say that his unfailing vivacity and humour made him a delightful companion, and that his eager face and his inimitable laugh were ever welcome at our daily luncheon hour."

Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is paying a short visit to this country. Her husband, Mr. Cale Young Rice, who accompanies her, is making quite a reputation in the United States as a dramatic author. His new play, "Charles di Tocca," has just been issued by Messrs. McClure and Co., and he has recently completed a religious play for Mr. Sothern. The success of Mrs. Rice's two novels, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," in America has been phenomenal. The sales cannot now be far short of half a million copies. In this country and the Colonies both books are rapidly winning their way into favour, indeed the sales of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" are increasing every week, a remarkable record in the case of a novel over a year old, while several editions have already been called for of the new companion book, "Lovey Mary."

Mr. William Le Queux, whose translation of His Royal Highness the Duke of the Abruzzi's Arctic book, "On the Polar Star," has received such high commendation during the past month, is now engaged on a series of stories dealing with the Court of Louis XV., and based upon historical documents. He is writing them both in French and English, and they will appear serially simultaneously in Paris and in London. The French edition of his recent novel, "The Seven Secrets," has sold very largely, and a translation of "The Tickencote Treasure," his new adventure book, which Messrs. Newnes are just about to issue, will also be published in Paris next month.

Over 112,000 copies have now been printed here and in America of Mr. Geo. W. Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son." The book has quite "caught on" in this country, and we hear that the orders from the booksellers are very large and steadily increasing.

It was reported in one of the New York papers the other day that Col. Harvey when over here recently had made an agreement with Mr. Anthony Hope under which Harper and Bros. were to have the refusal of his future work. There is, we understand, no truth in this report.

Agnes and Egerton Castle's new novel, "The Star Dreamer," has just been added to the Tauchnitz series, and amongst other recent additions is Rita's "Souls," which, by the bye, is perhaps the most popular novel which has ever been written by that very popular author.

"A Bachelor in Arcady," a new serial by Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, will begin in the *Queen* in August next.

Mr. Reginald H. Walpole, of Harrow and New College, barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn, son of Sir Horace Walpole, K.C.B., has joined Mr. E. E. Speight as partner in the business of the Norland Press, at Shaldon, South Devon. The new firm will continue the work commenced by Mr. Speight, namely, the publication of school books on lines of reform, especially in the province of the study of literature and languages. Mr. Alexander Moring, of 298, Regent Street, London, will continue to act as the London agent, and the books issued by the Norland Press may be seen there or at any booksellers.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

APRIL 20TH TO MAY 20TH, 1903.

The demand throughout the past month has been somewhat fitful, and whilst the total sales have reached a normal extent for the period, the times of comparative briskness have alternated considerably with days in which trade has been very slack. The output, however, has continued to be exceptional for the time of year, but this may to a certain extent be accentuated by the increasingly large percentage of works by American authors which now reach the English market.

The 6s. novel has been fairly prolific, and has, as usual, formed the most important item of business. Among the most successful of the recent issues have been "The Conflict," "Stay-at-Homes," "The Hebrew," "Typhoon," "Pigs in Clover," and "Park Lane." "Four Feathers," "Richard Rosney," and "Lady

MR. CHARLES BOOTH,
A review of whose new book, "Life and Labour of the People in London," appears in this number.
Photo by F. Peek, Gracedieu.

Rose's Daughter" have also continued to be much in request.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary" have largely increased their circle of admirers.

In biography the two pre-eminently successful lines have been "Studies in Contemporary Biography," by James Bryce, and "The Life of Father Dolling," by C. E. Osborne, the latter having been especially popular, doubtless owing to his sturdy work in social reform.

Much attention has of late centred in the various reports as to the treatment of the natives of the Congo Free State by the Belgian officials in charge, and considerable notice has been attracted to "The Curse of Central Africa," by Capt. Guy Burrows, and "The Affairs of Western Africa," by E. D. Morel, both of which deal trenchantly with the subject, and have therefore been in demand.

For the few weeks since the Easter Vestries it is evi-

ISABELLA D'ESTE.

From a painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

The brilliant but comparatively little known Marchioness of Este, connoisseur and collector, friend of famous men, and striking figure of the Renaissance period.

(Reproduced from "Isabella D'Este: A Study of the Renaissance," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

dent that many of the new churchwardens require a prompt as to their duties and responsibilities, and many copies of Bishop Sumner's "Churchwarden's Manual," together with one or two other books bearing upon the subject, have been sold.

"Wisdom While You Wait" has continued to be in request, and has been supplemented by an additional brochure entitled "Wisdom on the Hire System," the sales of which soon assumed large dimensions. "Wee Macgreegor" also continues to have many callers.

There appears to be no diminution in the sale of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," and large numbers of the sixpenny edition have been circulated, whilst the dramatisation of Dante's "The Vision" has called forth quite a host of various editions both of the poem itself and also of the life of the author, many of which have sold readily.

The cult of Omar Khayyám would appear to be increasingly popular, and various issues from a vest-pocket edition and upwards have continued to be favourably received.

The opening of the Royal Academy and the New Gallery is immediately followed by the customary illustrated guides to the works of the principal artists. A ready sale has been experienced for several of the most popular, but, owing to the fact that the higher-class illustrated weeklies issue supplements covering to a large extent the same ground, the sale of the separate handbooks is not so great as it formerly was.

Brassey's "Naval Annual" may now be considered as one of our institutions, and this year's issue met with the usual eager demand.

The output of sixpenny reprints continues to be very large, over one hundred having appeared since the commencement of the year, but the demand, although fairly good, has been in no sense excessive.

There is no material change to chronicle in regard to the magazines, except to mention that the serial issue of Doré's edition of Dante has been most successful, and much difficulty was experienced in meeting the demand for the first part.

The recent tour of the King caused a ready sale for the illustrated weeklies.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Conflict. By M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin.)
The Hebrew. By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Stay-at-Homes. By L. B. Walford. (Longmans.)
Typhoon, and other Stories. By Joseph Conrad. (Heinemann.)
Park Lane. By Percy White. (Constable.)
Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. (Heinemann.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
Richard Rosney. By Maxwell Gray. (Heinemann.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By A. Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lovey Mary. By A. Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Studies in Contemporary Biography. By James Bryce. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Life of Father Dolling. By C. E. Osborne. 12s. 6d. net. (E. Arnold.)
The Curse of Central Africa. By Capt. Guy Burrows. 21s. net. (Heinemann.)
The Affairs of West Africa. By E. D. Morel. 12s. net. (Heinemann.)
Life of Gipsy Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Law.)
Business Man's Guide. 3s. 6d. net. (I. Pitman.)
Popular History of the Free Churches. By C. S. Horne. 6s. (J. Clarke.)
Wisdom While You Wait. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
Wisdom on the Hire System. 6d. net. (Isbister.)
Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. 6d. and 2s. (Richards.)
America at Work. By J. Foster Fraser. 6s. (Cassell.)
Being and Doing. 2s. 6d. net. (Howell.)
Churchwarden's Manual. By Bishop Sumner. 1s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)
Brassey's Naval Annual. 15s. net. (Simpkin.)
Various editions of the Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám. 6d. and upwards.
Illustrated Handbooks to the Royal Academy and New Gallery. 1s. each.
Sixpenny Reprints, and Illustrated Weeklies.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
April 25—A fair amount of trade in both Home and Export.
May 2—Rather quiet.
,, 9—Brisk in Home. Quiet in Export.
,, 16—A good week.

MRS. ADY (JULIA CARTWRIGHT),
Author of "Isabella D'Este: A Study of the Renaissance," reviewed on another page.
Photo by Fradelle and Young.

(2) SCOTLAND.

APRIL 18TH TO MAY 18TH, 1903.

The outstanding events of the month were the King's visit to Scotland and the enthusiasm it evoked in both Edinburgh and Glasgow. The bookselling trade in general did not profit by the large number of sightseers gathered in the two cities, but those firms which speculated in souvenirs and photographs were rewarded in good business done. The cheap edition of Crosland's "Unspeakable Scot" (though hitting hard the eccentricities of dwellers in these parts) gained a ready sale, which will probably last throughout the whole tourist season.

The tragic death of Sir Hector Macdonald continued to hold the attention of the public, and editions of his "Life" from sixpence upwards had much popularity.

Mention must be made of the numerous guide-books readily stocked by the trade for the coming season, and the enterprise shown by Messrs. Bartholomew in specially prepared maps for motoring and cycling.

From the sales effected of the popular edition of De Wet's "Three Years War," and notably the success of the sixpenny re-issue of "On the Heels of De Wet," it appeared that the interest in war books had not yet gone out.

"The New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" was, of course, sure to get readers in Scotland, as was also Mr. Bryce's "Studies in Contemporary Biography"; and in the Famous Scots Series the "Life of Principal Cairns" was certainly a worthy addition. Many orders were booked for Mr. Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone."

As usual, the various handbooks to the pictures in the Royal Academy were noticeable in sales made, and perhaps the most remarkable shilling book of the month was Newnes' "Atlas and Gazetteer," meriting immediate success.

New six-shilling novels prominent in the business done were "Richard Rosney," by Maxwell Gray; "Park Lane," by Percy White; "The Gold Wolf," by Max Pemberton; "Typhoon," by Joseph Conrad; "The Hebrew," by John A. Steuart; "The Duke Decides," by Headon Hill; and "Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

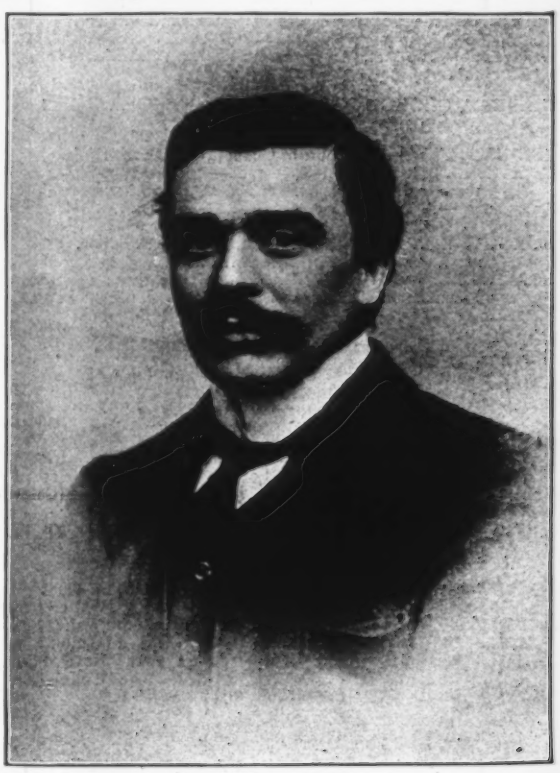
Several three-and-sixpenny novels were specially successful, notably "Rambles in Womanland," by Max O'Rell; "A Bonnie Saxon," by Silas Hocking; "The Promotion of the Admiral," by Morley Roberts; and "No Hero," by E. W. Hornung.

Although the market was undoubtedly overstocked, there was no diminution noticeable in the output of sixpenny editions of popular works. Of these, attention was called to "Micah Clarke," "Garden of Swords," "The Farringdons," "The Gamblers," "Wiles of the Wicked," "The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton," "John Splendid," "The Scarlet Lady," "Not So Bad After All," "The Dark Horse," and "Resurrection."

On account of the illustrations in connection with the Royal visit the weekly papers were greatly in demand.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Letters of a Self-Made Merchant. By G. H. Lorimer. 6s. (Methuen.)
Richard Rosney. By Maxwell Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Park Lane. By Percy White. 6s. (Constable.)
The Gold Wolf. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
Typhoon. By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Three Years War. By De Wet. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 1s. net. (G. Richards.)
Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell. 1s. net. (Scots Pictorial.)



EDWIN PUGH,
A review of whose novel, "The Stumbling Block," appears in this number.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

Studies in Contemporary Biography. By James Bryce. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Lane.)
Principal Cairns. By John Cairns. Famous Scots Series. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant.)
A Bonnie Saxon. By Silas Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)
Rambles in Womanland. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Hebrew. By John A. Steuart. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Promotion of the Admiral. By Morley Roberts. 3s. 6d. (Nash.)
The Shilling Atlas and Gazetteer. 1s. net. (Newnes.)
The Horse Doctor. 2s. 6d. net. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
Wisdom While You Wait. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
Lives of Sir Hector Macdonald. 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d.

Sixpenny Editions.

On the Heels of De Wet. By Intelligence Officer.
Micah Clarke. By Conan Doyle.
John Splendid. By Neil Munro.
The Farringdons. By Miss Fowler.

The Booksellers' Diary.

JUNE.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

June 6th.

ABDY-WILLIAMS, C. F.—Story of Notation. Music Story Series. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Walter Scott)
BAYNE, PROF.—Life of Sir David Wilkie, R.A. Makers of British Art. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Walter Scott)
DUPRAT, L.—Morals: Their Psychological Bases. Contemporary Science Series. 6s. ..... (Walter Scott)
CRAIK, MRS.—John Halifax, Gentleman. World's Great Novel Series. 3s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott)

June 8th.

RICHARDSON, MRS. AUBREY.—A Drama of Sunshine, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
ESCOTT, T. H. S.—King Edward VII. and his Court, 16s. (Fisher Unwin)
DIEHL, A. M.—A Man in Love, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
Wain's, Louis, Summer Book, 1s. and 1s. 6d. ..... (Hutchinson)
Anonymous.—The Staff in Flower, 6s. ..... (Greening)

June 9th.

GILBERT, GEORGE.—The Baton Sinister, 6s. ..... (John Long)

June 10th.

SPEIGHT, T. W.—The Sport of Chance, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
MAXWELL, SIR HERBERT, BART.—British Fresh-Water Fish. Woburn Lib. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)
Anonymous.—A Tragic Contract, 6s. ..... (Greening)
DU BOISGOBEY.—The Angel of the Chimes, 6d. ... (Greening)
BURGOYNE, ALAN, F.R.G.S.—Submarine Navigation, 31s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
BRAMWELL, J. MILNE, M.B., C.M.—Hypnotism: Its History, Practice, and Theory, 18s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
MERRICK, LEONARD.—Conrad in Quest of his Youth, 6s. (Grant Richards)
STEAD, W. T.—The Despised Sex.....(Grant Richards)
HUTTON, LAURENCE.—Literary Landmarks, 5s. net (Grant Richards)
HOUSMAN, A. E.—M. Manilii Astronomicon. Liber I. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
Cassell's School Edition of "Robinson Crusoe," 1s. 3d. ... (Cassell)
Little Folks. Summer Volume. 3s. 6d. and 5s. ..... (Cassell)
Guide to Employment in the Civil Service. New Edition. 1s. net (Cassell)

June 11th.

Æsop's Fables. With Woodcuts by Thomas Bewick. 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)

June 12th.

WARD, H. W., F.R.H.S.—The Book of the Peach, 2s. 6d. (Walter Scott)
DICKENS, CHARLES.—David Copperfield, 3s. 6d. (Walter Scott)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Ivanhoe, 3s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott)
ELIOT, GEORGE.—Adam Bede. World's Great Novel Series. 3s. 6d. ..... (Walter Scott)
WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Nobody's Widow, 3s. 6d. (Digby, Long)
MENPES, MORTIMER.—World's Children, 20s. net (A. and C. Black)

June 15th.

MOLESWORTH, BAGOT.—Pompei. Illustrated. 31s. 6d. (Skeffington)
GRAY, ANDREW, D.D.—A Pilgrimage to Bible Lands. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. ..... (Skeffington)
KNOWLSON, T. S.—Leo Tolstoi, 3s. 6d. ..... (F. Warne and Co.)
MUDDOCK, J. E.—Sweet "Doll" of Haddon Hall, 6s. (John Long)
HUME, FERGUS.—Woman: The Sphinx. New Edition. 6d. (John Long)
STOTT, BEATRICE.—Rosemonde, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
Complete Plays of William Congreve. Thin Paper Edition. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
TRACY, LOUIS.—The Darkest Hour, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
MARRYAT, FLORENCE.—The Beautiful Soul, 6d. (Digby, Long)
SOUTHEY, ROBERT.—Life of John Wesley. Lib. of Standard Biog. 1s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
SHERARD, R. H.—The Lyons Mail, 6s. ..... (Greening)
GOLDSWORTHY, ARNOLD.—The Cry in the Night, 6d. (Greening)
Cassell's "Union Jack" Series. Book III. 10d. ..... (Cassell)

June 16th.

MATHERS, HELEN.—Honey, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
PRESCOTT, E. LIVINGSTON.—Dragooning a Dragoon, 6s. (Hutchinson)

June 20th.

HILLER, H. CROFT.—Meta Christianity ..... (Walter Scott)
LYDEKKER, R., F.R.S., F.G.S.—Mostly Mammals, 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson)

June 22nd.

LANE, RALPH.—Patriotism Under Three Flags, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
WILLIAMS, PERCY.—Our Decrepit Railway System, 1s. net (Fisher Unwin)
MEADE, L. T.—A Life for a Love, 6d. ..... (Digby, Long)
ALTSHELER, JOSEPH A.—Before the Dawn, 6s. ...(Hutchinson)
MOLLER, W.—Are the Critics Right? Translated by C. H. Irwin, M.A. 2s. 6d. ..... (Religious Tract Soc.)

June 24th.

SCOULLER, J.—The Law of Evolution: Its True Philosophical Basis, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
HAMMERTON, J. A.—Stevensoniana, 12s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
VAN VORST.—The Woman who Toils, 6s. net ... (Grant Richards)
CROMARSH, H. RIPLEY.—The Episodes of Marge, 6s. (Grant Richards)
POPE, ALEXANDER.—Odyssey of Homer. World's Classics. 1s. and 2s. ..... (Grant Richards)
DRYDEN, JOHN.—Aeneid of Virgil. World's Classics. 1s. and 2s. ..... (Grant Richards)

June 25th.

WELLS, H. G.—When the Sleeper Wakes, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
BODLEY, J. E. C.—The Coronation of Edward VII., 21s. (Methuen)
HULME, PROF. F. E.—British Butterflies and Moths. Woburn Lib. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)

June 29th.

GRIEVE, ED. B.—How to Become a Commercial Traveller, 1s. (Fisher Unwin)

June 30th.

TREVES, SIR F., BT., K.C.V.O., etc.—A Manual of Operative Surgery. 2 Vols. 42s. ..... ((Cassell)
BLAND-SUTTON, J., F.R.C.S.—Tumours. New Edition. 21s. (Cassell)

July 1st.

GLANVILLE, ERNEST.—A Beautiful Rebel. New Edition. 6d. (John Long)

July 2nd.

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Love that Overcame, 6s. (Methuen)
AINSWORTH, W. HARRISON.—Tower of London, 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)

July 3rd.

MEADE, MRS. L. T.—The Burden of her Youth, 6s. (John Long)
BODKIN, M. McD.—In the Days of Goldsmith, 6s. ... (John Long)
HOME, GORDON.—What to See in England, 5s. net (A. and C. Black)
JOHNSTON, SIR HARRY, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.—British Mammals. Woburn Lib. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Hutchinson)

Books to be Published during the month, dates not fixed.

BOSVILE, GODFREY.—Pounding the Field .....(Routledge)
FLETCHER, J. S.—The Fear of the Night, 6s. ..... (Routledge)
HALIBURTON, JUDGE.—Sam Slick the Clockmaker, 2s. (Routledge)
CUNNINGTON, REV. E. E.—Selected Chess Endings (Routledge)
PRANGLEY, MISS.—Dreams and their Interpretations, 1s. (Routledge)
"CAVERSHAM."—Hints on Bridge ..... (Routledge)
BEAVON, A. H.—Tube, Train, Tram, and Car. Introduction by Sir W. Preece, K.C.B. ..... (Routledge)
LANGBRIDGE, REV. F.—Ballads and Legends, 1s. and 2s. net (Routledge)
FROUDE, J. A.—The Nemesis of Faith, 1s. ..... (Routledge)
KELLY, W. PATRICK.—The Cuban Treasure Island, 3s. 6d. (Routledge)
HUTCHINSON, HORACE.—Golfing. New Edition. Oval Series. 1s. ..... (Routledge)
WILLS, DR. C. J.—The Pit Town Coronet, 6d. ..... (Routledge)

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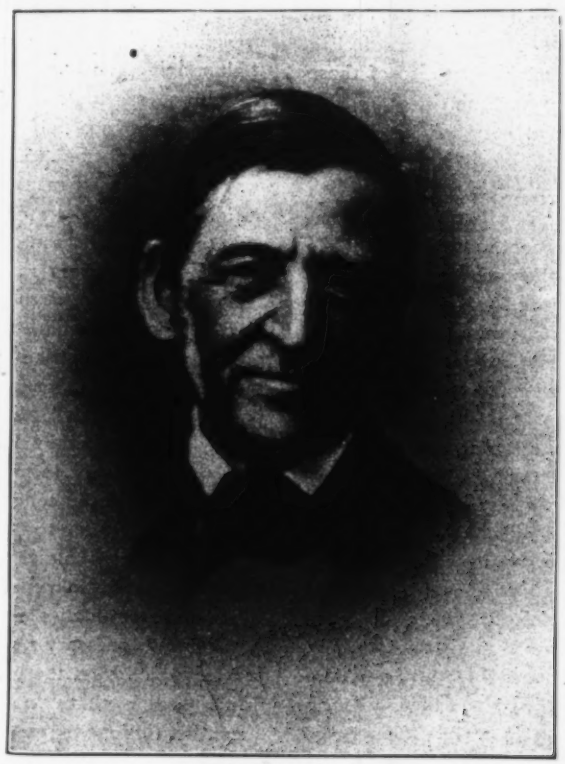
The Reader.

EMERSON.

By Walter Lewin.

A HUNDRED years after the birth of Emerson, and twenty-one years after his death, his fame seems assured, so far as any man's fame can be assured, even against the shafts of all-destroying time. He stands easily first amongst Americans, and, on the showing of Matthew Arnold, he belongs to the highest rank of the world's inspirers of mankind. Arnold denied that Emerson was great either as poet, as writer, or as philosophy maker; but he conceded to him a relation of "even superior importance,"—that of "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." At a critical period in the development of the United States, Emerson exercised a quiet but far-reaching and beneficent influence. After the upheaval of the Revolution and the turmoil of succeeding wars, it was chiefly his voice that guided her in the paths of peace and aroused her to a sense of the responsibilities she had assumed. Political independence having been secured to her under the leadership of Washington, Emerson taught her how it should be used. And later, during the crisis which had its issue in the Civil War, his influence was potent for good. This was his service to his native land; but although an American first of all, he was "a citizen of the Universe," and the message of justice and integrity which he gave to his own countrymen was of universal application.

There was not much at the beginning of Emerson's career to suggest that he would win fame at all. His father was a Unitarian minister, scholarly and respected, but not eminent. While Emerson was still a child his father died, leaving the family in straitened circumstances. He, and his surviving brothers, William, Edward, and Charles, were fitted, at great sacrifice, so far as education could fit them, for the battle of life; but at that time there could not have been much to hope for beyond an honourable and sufficient but undistinguished career. Emerson was not the man to force his own way to the front. He had too little self-confidence and too much self-respect to push himself into prominence. On the contrary, at an early stage, for reasons of conscience, he threw away the one chance he had. It was intended that he should follow the hereditary calling of a Christian minister, and in 1829 he was ordained to the Second Unitarian Church in Boston, and proved himself acceptable to his congregation. But some three years later he resigned his post because he found himself out of sympathy with the rite known as the Lord's Supper and did not feel that he was justified any longer in administering it.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
From a photograph in the Alexander Ireland Collection, kindly supplied by Mr. Charles W. Sutton, Free Reference Library, King Street, Manchester.
Photo by Allen and Rowell, Boston.

If, however, the genius which presided over Emerson's birth was sparing in material benefits, it did not deny him the best gift of all, a noble spiritual inheritance. Emerson was, in the best sense of the term, well-born. Of Puritan stock—although (rare distinction!) no ancestor of his was a passenger in the "Mayflower"—eight generations of high culture had eliminated the dross of self-sufficiency and intolerance and had left the strength of purpose and integrity unalloyed. Emerson's father seems to have been a man of literary tastes, well-esteemed, but easy-going and sociably inclined. In a letter written just before his death he alluded to "the threads of levity which have been interwoven with the entire thread of my life." Traces of this temper may be discerned in Emerson himself. His early letters contain allusions to what he termed his silliness; and, as he has noted in his journal, he maintained all through his life a "peculiarity of humour" in his propensity for strolling idly—or apparently idly—through the country lanes and woods. The bright humour which lightened his conversation and which pervades his writings is a manifestation of the same spirit; and in his case, living otherwise such a strenuous life, and overtaken often by the misfortune of ill-health and the loss of friends, it was probably a saving grace. In this connection it may be noted in passing that the likeness of the son to his father is distinctly observable in the crayon drawing by Samuel Rowse, but not in the other published portraits. From Ruth Haskins Emerson, his mother, Emerson derived the serene fortitude with which he met each event as it came, and the unconquerable confidence which enabled him to say that "goodness is the only reality, that to goodness alone can we trust, and to that we may trust all and always; beautiful and

THE OLD MANSE.

The house from which Emerson's grandfather witnessed the conflict between the British and American troops on the 19th of April, 1775, and where Ralph Waldo Emerson lived for a time with his venerable connection, Dr. Ripley.

"It is an old-fashioned, gambre'-roofed house, standing close to the scene of the Fight on the banks of the river. It was built for the Reverend William Emerson, his grandfather. In one of the rooms of this house Emerson wrote 'Nature,' and in the same room some years later, Hawthorne wrote 'Mosses from an Old Manse.'"—Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

(Reproduced from the "Centenary Edition of Emerson's Works," by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

blessed and blessing is it, even though it should seem to slay me." Of that good woman one of her nephews wrote: "Aunt Ruth's face was a benediction to every beholder; her kind voice music to the ear; her kind words soothing to the heart; her deeds of mercy a comfort to the sorrowing and the poor; her memory a perpetual joy to everyone who had the happiness to know her." The son of such a mother was well equipped, not indeed to win worldly prosperity, but to become "the friend and helper of those who would live in the spirit," and not of them alone, but also of those still struggling in the bondage of the flesh.

Some time after Emerson had resigned his Boston pulpit, a congregation at New Bedford invited him to become its minister. But the trouble about forms, which began in regard to the rite of the Lord's Supper, had extended itself, and he made it a condition of acceptance that he should have liberty to offer prayer in the public services only when he felt so moved. Nevertheless, his notions about religious observances were not anarchical. He felt bound to maintain his own integrity, but he was not blind to the value they possessed for others. It was his desire he said "in the office of a Christian minister to do nothing which he could not do with his whole heart." Again, he said: "I am not so foolish as to declaim against forms. Forms are as essential as bodies, but to exalt particular forms, to adhere to one form the moment it is outgrown, is unreasonable, and it is alien to the spirit of Christ." Obviously, as a pastor, he was impracticable. After he left Boston he preached occasionally but accepted no other ministerial charge. He could not endure the fetters inevitable to the position. Amongst the Unitarians of New England they were, no doubt, as light as possible; still, he felt them to be fetters.

There was, in reality, a more absolute parting of the ways between Emerson and his co-religionists, than any mere difference about forms of worship. In those days Unitarianism was not emancipated from that philosophy of sensation and utility of which Locke, Priestley, and Bentham were among the chief apostles. On the theological side its attitude was more an anti-Trinitarian protest than either affirmative or ethical. As yet the wave of Idealism, started by Kant in Germany, had not affected it. Emerson, by nature and temperament an idealist, must have been out of sympathy with its spirit as well as with its forms. He must have felt then, as he felt thirty years later, when he said that "the Churches are outgrown; that the creeds are outgrown; that a technical theology no longer suits us. . . . The Church is not large enough for the man."

After a visit to Europe, when he began his life-long friendship with Carlyle, Emerson settled at Concord; and speedily men and women like-minded with himself gathered around him. Then sprang up that famous religious revival known as the Transcendental Movement. Unlike most religious revivals it appealed, not to the poor and ignorant, but to scholars. It was a practical effort to bring religion into daily use; not merely to preach the higher life, but to live it. It commended "plain living and high thinking," but it recognised also its obligation to serve the masses and to infuse righteousness into public life. High were the hopes that, by precept, and still more by example, the longed-for regeneration of mankind might be brought to pass. In his "Address" to the Divinity students on the 15th of July, 1838, Emerson gave the key-note to the movement. That address reveals his Idealism full-blown. It shows that then, at any rate, the severance from his early religious associations was complete and final. He proclaims the "doctrine of the soul" as against a religion which is "an exaggeration of the personal, the positive, the ritual." He admonishes man to be self centred, to look within and no longer to tradition, however venerable; or to persons, however distinguished, for guidance in the conduct of life: "That is always best which gives me to myself. The sublime is excited in me by the great stoical doctrine, Obey thyself. That which shows God in me fortifies me. That which shows God out of me makes me a wart and a wen. There is no longer a necessary reason for my being." The one service which even the greatest can render to the individual soul is that "noble provocations go out from them, inviting me to resist evil; to subdue the world; and to Be." But it is "only by coming again to themselves, or to God in themselves," that men can "grow for evermore." "It is a low benefit to give me something; it

is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat for myself." For the rest, while thanking God for good men, "say 'I also am a man.'" "Cast behind you all conformity and acquaint men at first hand with deity." The year before, in an address on "The American Scholar," Emerson had declared that America's day of dependence—her long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands—was drawing to a close. The education of the scholar must be by nature, by books, and by action. "Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it, he is not yet a man. Without it, thought can never ripen into truth. . . . Only so much do I know as I have lived." For the selfish recluse, howsoever learned, Emerson had no praise. In his view it was the office of the scholar "to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances." To do this he must, above all else, have confidence in himself, living in poverty and solitude if need be, thinking out his own conclusions and daring to proclaim them on his own authority, no matter what the result. "In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach; and bide his own time,—happy enough, if he can satisfy himself alone, that this day he has seen something truly."

EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD,
Where he lived from the time of his marriage with Miss Lidian Jackson in 1835, until his death in 1882.

"It is a plain, square, white dwelling-house, yet it has a city air, and could not be mistaken for a farm-house. A quiet merchant, you would say, unostentatious and simple, has here hidden himself from town. But a thick grove of pine and fir trees, almost brushing the two windows upon the right of the door, and occupying the space between them and the road, suggests at least a peculiar taste in the retired merchant, or hints the possibility that he may have sold his place to a poet or philosopher."—G. W. Curtis in "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors."

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In the spirit of these teachings many things were undertaken, some wise and others sufficiently absurd. There were world reformers who forgot the necessity which Emerson emphasised for thought to precede action. They cast aside, not only the authority of the past but its accumulated experience as well, and, ignorant alike of history and human nature, they let their zeal run riot. Emerson was beset by faddists of every degree, bringing their newest thought or foolish whim for his approval. To each and all he gave, at the least, a kindly hearing, and he bore with patience their perversities, although, in the case of the man who declined to remove his hat in the house, his sense of the fitness of things induced him to adjourn the discussion to the garden. Referring to these visitors he wrote: "I will assume that a stranger is judicious and benevolent. If he is, I will thereby keep him so. If he is not, it will tend to instruct him." He had always an open mind for new ideas, and occasionally he put them to the test of practice. In the memoir by his son, Dr. Edward Emerson, it is related that after an experiment in ultra-plain living, he realised that it was not right to spend so much of life in considering, "What shall I eat and what shall I drink?"

By far the most valuable of the experiments which grew out of the Transcendental Movement was the colony at Brook Farm, founded in 1841. Although financially it was a disastrous failure, it is difficult to believe that, if its promoters had possessed good business ability, it would not have had a better fate. As it was, it served to show with what advantage life may be simplified. Emerson was keenly interested in the enterprise, but he did not take an active part in it. At that time he was busy with *The Dial*, which had been begun in 1840 under the editorship of Margaret Fuller. To its pages he contributed largely. The four years of its existence were the period of his greatest literary activity. Its circulation was small, but its influence was considerable; and anyone turning over its pages to-day must be impressed with the wealth of thought they hold.

When Transcendentalism as a distinct effort had ceased, its influence remained. Those who had been associated with it were among the boldest and most consistent leaders of the movement against slavery which culminated in the Civil War. The slavery question and his duty in relation to it had long perplexed Emerson. He never had any doubt on which side justice lay. His views as to this were clearly expressed in his address on West India emancipation in 1844. But whether he was called to active service or not, he did not know. His unrest is shown in this passage from his Journal for 1852: "I waked last night and bemoaned myself because I had not thrown myself into this deplorable question of slavery, which seems to want nothing so much as a few assured voices. But then in hours of sanity I recover myself, and say, God must govern His own world, and knows His way out of this pit without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me. I have quite other slaves to free than those negroes, to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the

brain of man,—far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, important to the republic of man, have no watchman or lover or defender but I." Nevertheless already on special occasions he had been not inactive; and not long afterwards the call seemed clear, and he responded promptly. Later, when John Brown made his raid on Harper's Ferry and was arrested, Emerson was one of the few who dared to speak out boldly in his support, while professing Abolitionists were lamenting the act as injudicious.

The remainder of Emerson's life was for the most part calm and comparatively uneventful. His quiet influence continued and increased. He came to be more and more widely recognised, and love and honour crowned his closing years. He was himself one of the "men of character" of whom he has said they "are the conscience of the society to which they belong"—a conscience often disobeyed perhaps, but still strong for good. Like Ernest, in Hawthorne's story of "The Great Stone Face," "His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonised with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*

By Edward W. Emerson.

"Thanks to the morning light,
Thanks to the foaming sea,
To the uplands of New Hampshire,
To the green-haired forest free;
Thanks to each man of courage,
To the maids of holy mind,
To the boy with his games undaunted,
Who never looks behind."

A BABY'S cry or its joyful little crow would instantly bring my father from his books or writing. Many men are rather afraid to take a little baby; the younger the better for him. His skill in handling and amusing them was great, and it was strange to see how this was divined in advance by those somewhat shapeless beings of whom Artemus Ward said, "How beautiful is babes; so like human beings—only so small!" They were pretty sure to stretch out their small pudgy hands to him.

The boy, natural, independent, enterprising, acting on simplest motives, was always looked at with sympathy by him, a relief from the caution, the sentimentality, cant, or indirectness that his elders often showed. "See how well that boy rides, bareback, and sticks like a burr"; "Look at that fine girl, simple and fearless as Iphigenia," he would say as he saw the children of the Concord farmers go by his window, and forgot his task in the pleasure of looking at them. Indeed, they were pretty sure to reappear in his books. When I, having no brother, and only my older sisters for companions at home, and attending a small private school, was naturally timid and slow in finding my place among the boys of the neighbourhood, it troubled my father, and he called Tommy Hazel, the "naughty boy" of our part of the village, and promised him a quarter if he would work me in to the ball-playing of the public school opposite the house—the game was "Four Old Cats," base-ball in its modern form being then unknown. To-day athletics and amusements perhaps get something more than their fair share of attention, probably because two generations ago the body was neglected and the mind and soul alone deemed worth training. But life is like a stool with these three legs, Body, Mind, and Spirit. For its perfect poise all three of these must be good. My father saw how much of real value he had missed in his boyhood, and that games, adventures, even fights are good schoolmasters, teach some things better than books, and must supplement these.

Because he had not learned to ride and dance and enter a company with ease, he wished all the more that we should. He put me under the orders of our loyal Irish workman—an ex-dragoon—did not worry lest I be thrown off, but charged me, if I were, to be sure to get right on the same horse again; and I have always been most grateful that I was denied saddle and stirrups until I had grown rather independent of such aids.

His ancestors for generations had been scholars and ministers, though of the liberal and kindly sort, and he rejoiced to hear from the surviving Concord minutemen that his grandfather, among his armed parishioners on the Common when the red-coats arrived, encouraged and steadied them. His father, minister of the First Church in Boston, died in 1811, and Mrs. Emerson, left a widow with four little sons—my father, the second, being just eight years old—had, though liberally helped by the church, a struggle to bring them up and send them to college. But the boys all did their best, and manfully helped in doing the housework and teaching others, not only while in college, but while preparing to enter.

My father early saw that Poverty had been a friend to him and his brothers, taught them to live simply, help themselves and each other, and kept them clear of many temptations which rich and idle boys had.† More than this, the common struggle drew the brothers and their mother very close together. Here is a picture of that old-fashioned boyhood which I copy from a letter when he was not quite ten years old. Portions of the letter are omitted:—

"*Boston, April 16th*, 1813.

DEAR AUNT,

. . . . . .

I mean now to give you an account of one single day in my life. Friday 9th I choose for the day of telling what I did. In the morning I rose as I do commonly about 5 minutes before 6. I then help Wm. in making the fire after which I set the table for Prayers. I then call mamma about quater after 6. We spell as we did before you went away I confess I often feel an angry passion start in one corner

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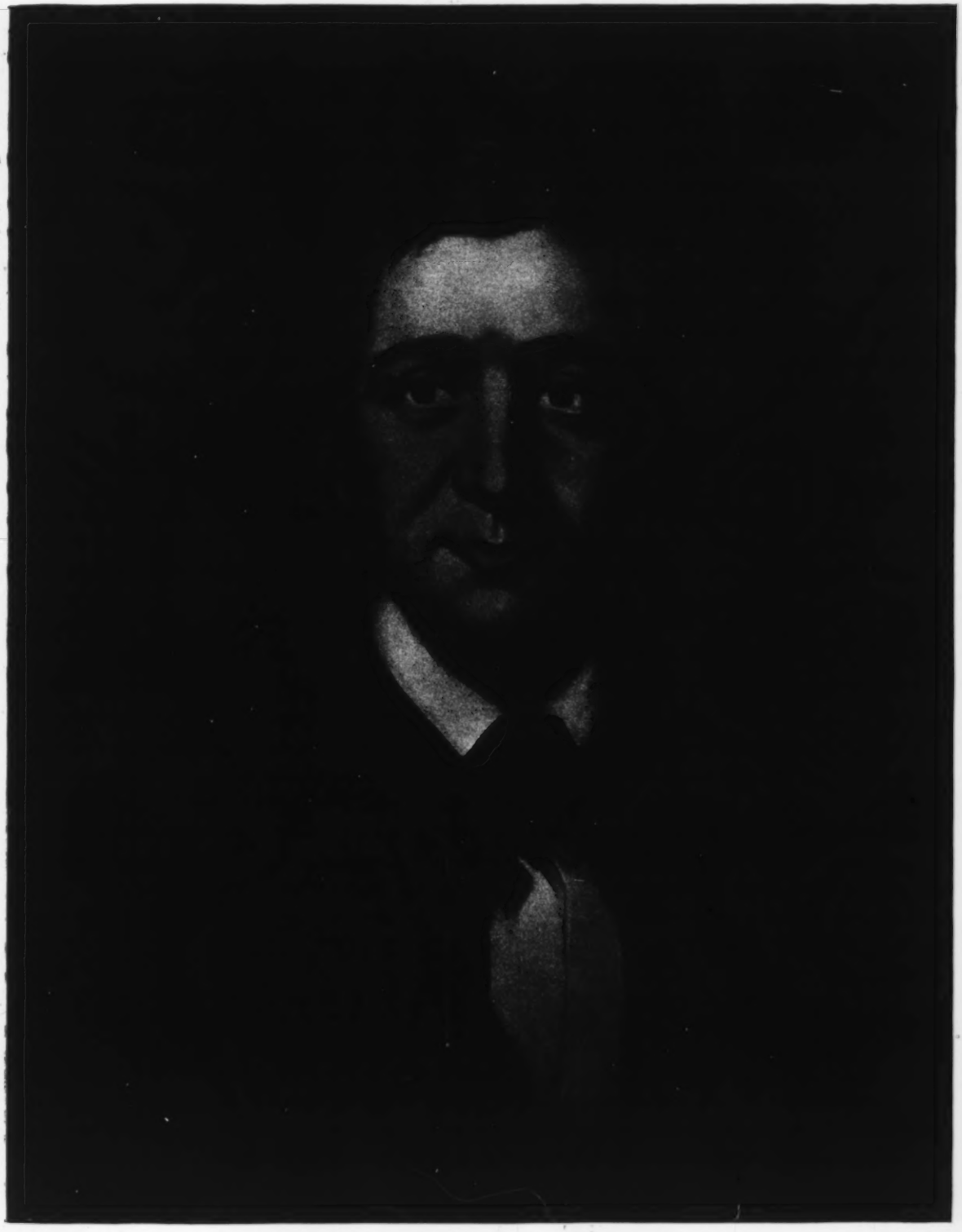
†On this beautiful system of balance in human life, the evils which attend good fortune, the blessings which accompany calamity, he early wrote one of his best essays, "Compensation."

THE CENTENARY OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON, MAY 25TH, 1803—APRIL 27TH, 1882.
Rischgitz Collection.

of my heart when one of my Brothers gets above me which I think sometimes they do by unfair means after which we eat our breakfast. Then I have from about quater after 7 till 8 to play or read I think I am rather inclined to the former. I then go to school where I hope I can say I study more than I did a little while ago. I am in another book called Virgil & our class are even with another which came to the Latin School one year before us. After attending this school I go to Mr. Webbs private school where I write & cipher. I go to this place at 11 and stay till one o'clock. After this when I come home I eat my dinner & at 2 oclock I resume my studies at the Latin School where I do the same except in studying grammar After I come home I do mamma her little errands if she has any then I bring in my wood to supply the breakfast room I then have some time to play & eat my supper after that we say our

hymns or chapters & then take our turns in reading Rollin (Rollin's Ancient History) as we did before you went. We retire to bed at different times I go at a little after 8 & retire to my private devotions & then close my eyes in sleep & there ends the toils of the day.

. . . . . .

Your little pensioner Eliza Twist if you remember her is now established in a Charity School and doing pretty well. . . . . I have sent a letter to you in a Packet bound to Portland which I suppose you have not received as you made no mention of it in your letter to mamma. . . . I hope you will send me an answer to this the first opportunity & believe me I remain your most

dutiful Nephew,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

M. M. Emerson."

The letter is written in a clear, round hand on paper ruled by himself. I have reproduced its faults of spelling and punctuation, yet in these respects it holds its own with those of some college graduates to-day.

Just as hunting dogs or trotting horses early show that they come of a race bred for these pursuits, so almost all of these boys took to reading zealously, and began to try their hands at essays and poems as pleasures, not tasks. William, the eldest, was more serious, as was natural for a boy on whom so much of the family care had fallen, and Ralph, whose scribbling-book was as much his plaything as most boys' marbles and bats are theirs, found his fun in teasing the sedateness of his brother by frivolous verse, for which apologising he speaks of himself as one "not always, but often silly."

In college he was not idle, though he never stood high in his class. He found *what was good for him*, as

RUTH EMERSON, *née* HASKINS, THE MOTHER OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"A woman of great sensibility, modest, serene, and very devout. . . Both her mind and her character were of a superior order, and they set their stamp upon manners of peculiar softness and natural grace and quiet dignity. Her sensible and kindly speech was always as good as the best instruction; her smile, though it was ever ready, was a reward. Her dark, liquid eyes, from which old age did not take away the expression, were among the remembrances of all on whom they ever rested."

(Reproduced from "Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Maternal Ancestors," by D. G. Haskins: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE OLD MANSE.

From an etching by Ross Turner.

"The Old Manse, best seen from the river, overshadowed with its willow, and all environed about with the foliage of its orchard and avenue—how gently did its grey, homely aspect rebuke the speculative extravagances of the day! It had grown sacred in connection with the artificial life against which we inveighed; it had been a home for many years in spite of all; it was my home too."

(Reproduced from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," by kind permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.).

a grazing horse picks out the clover tufts and lets the sorrel go. Having found mathematics impossible for him, he ceased to waste time on them. The Iliad, Horace's Odes, the Eclogues of Virgil, the great orations of Demosthenes, the heroes in history, and in romance too (for the unknown "Author of Waverley" was in those days bewitching old and young), Shakespeare, Spenser, Campbell, Byron, were eagerly seized on, and if they were outside the college course—so much the worse for the course. But the reading was good and well digested. And then, and later, it was his delight to enter in a journal or "commonplace book" anecdotes of wit or courage or wisdom of all sorts of men, of old time, or on that very day, and trains of thought suggested by these or by his own adventures. The adventures themselves were almost never set down; hence these commonplace books were never commonplace, as most diaries are, and they were mines whence he later drew the stores to make the mosaics of his Essays. His two rules for serious scholars were: first, room alone; second, keep a journal.

From his childhood he had a love of wild Nature, but his early residence in or near cities and his hunger for reading kept down his indulgence of this until middle life. Yet he wrote of those days—

"How wearily in college halls
The doctor stretched the hours,
But in each pause I heard the call
Of robins out of doors."

Emerson graduated at eighteen from Harvard with the class of 1821. Probably from childhood he had expected to take up the mantle of his fathers and enter the ministry, but for present needs of himself and his family he had to teach school. The poem "Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home," bears witness to the delight and relief with which a shy boy, teaching bright and pretty Boston girls of nearly his own age all day, plunged into the safe and picturesque thickets on the rocky hillsides of Roxbury.

The next twelve years brought threatening disease, necessity of work, the loss of two brilliant brothers and his young wife, temptation,—but he won through to peace and light and greater power.

It was most true of him what he wrote of the heroes in our war:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*."

Having reached prosperity and a position in the Church of honour and usefulness, as soon as he found that he had outgrown the beliefs in which he was reared and which he was expected to preach, he simply told his people how matters stood, and they voting to hold to their creed, he parted from them in all kindness. After this, with the exception of a few intervals of travel, he lived in Concord near the beautiful woods about Walden, his real "study," and the meadows of the gliding Musketaquid.

He told his people on leaving them that he should continue to teach, if no longer from the pulpit. He had not turned his back on God and the truths of religion, only now they seemed to him so much greater and broader that it was out of man's power to pen them up in creeds or sects or ceremonies. But what should he teach people? His own thoughts? No,

OCTAGON HALL, ROXBURY,
The School at which Ralph Waldo Emerson taught

In 1824 Edward Bliss Emerson established a private school for boys in Roxbury, but his health failing, towards the latter part of 1825 he agreed to hand over the school to his brother. In accordance with this arrangement, Ralph Waldo Emerson re-opened the school on January 3rd, 1826, in the second story of Octagon Hall.

not his own. It was said that the king who made laws strong enough to bind the fierce and turbulent Romans had gone alone to the woods and received these from Egeria, the nymph of the fountain. And in New England, busy with trade and farming in the nineteenth century, this poet and teacher found the same true. Our best thoughts, he felt, do not come by working for them, but when we go alone into fields or woods, and the air soothes our cares, and we put aside our temper or our meanness and listen, *our thoughts are given to us*. They evidently come, and *we* do not make them. We come back with something we did not carry. He wrote: "The great Mother Nature will not quite tell her secret to the coach or steamboat, but says, 'One to one, my dear.'"

All through life he consulted the oracle in the woods, and always came back with good news. It told him that the web of life was woven of three strands, Beauty, Wisdom, Goodness, and that apparent evil or suffering were only "good in the making." As now the Earth produces men, and even heroes and saints, where once

THE REV. WM. EMERSON, FATHER OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"A handsome man, rather tall, of fair complexion, with cheeks slightly tinted; his motions easy, graceful, and gentlemanlike; his manners bland and pleasant. He was an honest man, and expressed himself decidedly and emphatically, but never bluntly or vulgarly."—*Lowell*.

(Reproduced from "Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Maternal Ancestors," by D. G. Haskins: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

were but dull snails and fierce reptiles, and before that hot rock with no conscious life, he saw that the great Power worked for good, and there was time enough in God's day.

As he found that his failures and misfortunes, as others held them, had helped him more than his successes, he could trust that all so-called evil had its helpful duty to do; but this did not excuse us from fighting against it. It must be a barrier to train us in leaping it.

People smile at his teaching as too hopeful, yet it is a good working belief. Despair never helps. Look at the great names in history. Did not Jesus, and Socrates, and Leonidas, and Bruce, and Joan of Arc, and Washington have every reason to despair? All won by Faith. The only persons for whom my father had not charity were those who doubt and deny what is good and brave—those who whine, and those who desert. He himself was not a fighter, for he believed the sun stronger than the tempest, but when the day of need came he could

THE CANTERBURY HOUSE, ROXBURY.

THE CANTERBURY HOUSE, ROXBURY.

A small house buried in the woods in a part of Roxbury sometimes called Canterbury, where the Emerson family lived in 1823, and to which Ralph Waldo Emerson referred in his poem, "Good-bye, Proud World."

"I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundalay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God."

(Reproduced from "Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Maternal Ancestors," by D. G. Haskins: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

be counted on to enter the lists spear in hand. In the stormy Anti-slavery times before the war, when personal danger was added to unpopularity, he held it a duty to be present and show his colours at a threatened meeting.

But in my little space I must dwell more on his relation to his children and to young people. He was hard at work in his study until his walking time, except for a half-hour spent in garden and orchard after breakfast, when he liked to have us with him and teach us the names of his pear and apple trees and their tenants, the birds. If we came into his study when little, we could stay so long as we would look at pictures quietly or draw. On week-days he walked alone, but on Sundays he showed us the shrines of the wood-gods and the home of Echo in the groves he loved.

When we were in bed my father would often come up and, sitting by us in the twilight, chant, to our great delight, a good-night song, which he made up as he sang, to the trees, the birds, the flowers, the members of the family, even the cow and the cat.

He persistently kept meal-times pleasant—would allow no sour remnants of yesterday's wrong-doings to be served up again. Every day was to be fresh and new as a dewdrop from the hands of God. We may have failed yesterday, but we would never think of it again and start right to-day.

We must be polite and kind to the servants, and his respect and courtesy towards them always made them love and honour him. Everything and everybody has two handles, a right one and a wrong one, he felt, and you are served according to your wisdom in choosing the handle.

When our young guests came he always made them at ease, found out what interested them, and talked of that, as if they were his equals, but in a way that set them thinking. One rule he held to faithfully—never to talk about himself. One's sicknesses and infirmities were never to be spoken of except in private. He interested himself in our recitation of poetry and in our Latin, and liked to join in the preparing the Virgil lessons. He read and recited ballads to us, and I remember his marching up and down the dining-room with me on his back saying:

"The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Hieland host to see,"—

his hands taking the part of the stirrups and I of Glenallan's Earl.

Boisterous laughing, any cheapness or vulgarity of speech, or irreverence were firmly checked. We loved and stood in awe of him, but scolding was a weapon unknown in his armoury, and trust was his greatest one. He never punished, seldom commanded or forbade, but he showed how the case stood and let us choose. He wished us to be brave and to "do what we were afraid to do" if it came in the line of duty. Fear was usually only ignorance, he said, of what to do in a given case, and one would soon learn. He wrote from England in 1847 to my mother:—

"Bid Ellen and Edie thank God that they were born in New England, and bid them speak the truth and do the right for ever and ever."

His written and spoken words reached young people, whom he loved because they were gay and brave, in far distant regions, helped them, and often brought them to him for counsel, and it was this: "Be yourself; no base imitator of another, but your best self. There is something which you can do better than another. Listen to the inward voice, and bravely obey that. Do the things at which you are great, not what you were never made for. Remember that we are

"Pipes through which the breath of God doth blow
A momentary music."

Hear what the Morning says and believe that.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From a daguerreotype taken at the age of forty-three, which was sent to Carlyle.

"This image is altogether unsatisfactory, illusive, and even in some measure, tragical to me! First of all, it is a bad Photograph; no *eyes* discernible, at least one of the eyes not, except in rare favourable lights! Then, alas! Time itself and Oblivion must have been busy. . . . Here is a genial, smiling, energetic face, full of sunny strength, intelligence, integrity, good humour; but it lies imprisoned in baleful shades, as of the valley of Death."—Letter from Carlyle to Emerson, 17th July, 1846.

(Reproduced from the "Centenary Edition of Emerson's Works," by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

New Books.

LONDON'S RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES.*

The results of Mr. Charles Booth's crowning effort, an investigation of the religious influences of London, extending over five years and occupying seven octavo volumes, are now before the public. Beginning with London north of the Thames we proceed by way of Poplar, Bromley, Bow, and Hackney, to Islington, St. Pancras, Maida Vale, and Hampstead. Next our attention is drawn to the ring between this outer circle and the City boundary, after which we are led to the West Central District, visiting in turn the City and the West-End. Finally we again cross the river and trace the extension of London southward from Roehampton to Eltham. "In connection with the part played by religious and other social influences, the physical peculiarities of each district, and the housing and condition of the inhabitants, are incidentally described, and the districts are compared one with another. Six volumes are thus occupied, and in the seventh these various threads are drawn together, and the place of religion in the lives of the people is considered in a more general way." Adopting military methods, Mr. Booth and his staff fixed their camp at some particular spot, and from that base set out to examine each individual church in the district; extracting information from rectors, vicars, curates, Free Church pastors, City missionaries, Salvation Army "captains," and "Sisters of the People." If Mr. Booth has failed—and we shall proceed to show that in our opinion in certain important directions he has—that failure assuredly is not due to lack of labour. The work as a whole is a monument of patient toil, conceived for noble ends and carried out in a spirit worthy of those ends.

Moreover, Mr. Booth has succeeded in making these volumes interesting from the first page to the last; this in itself is no slight achievement. He writes in a light and easy style, weaving his material with a deftness born of long experience. His impartiality is beyond question; the rays of his praise and the rain of his blame fall alike on High Churchman and Low Churchman, on Free Churchman and Roman Catholic. His message to each and all is, "You live in a glass house; don't throw stones."

We have nothing but commendation for Mr. Booth's hints to parish authorities (Borough Council authorities as they now are), his just and scathing condemnation of jerry building, his suggestions for empty City churches, and his admirable descriptions of the various districts; while his exposure of the way in which both churches and missions pauperise neighbourhoods by unwise almsgiving supplies "a long-felt want." A great number of illustrations, varying considerably in value, are given from the note-books of Mr. Booth's assistants. Many are worthless, some are marked by bad taste, others are full of unconscious, but none the less delicious, humour; as, for example, the following reference to the Shoreditch Tabernacle:—"The Tabernacle is perfect in its way, but its way is not that of being a house of God. No feeling of sacredness attaches to it." Again, the late Hugh Price Hughes is reported as possessing "an effective delivery." We are reminded of Disraeli's reply to a similar compliment, "this *is* fame." Even Mr. Booth himself, referring to Spurgeon's rebuilt Tabernacle, remarks:—"Except as a great gathering of Christian souls nothing solemn or sacred is aimed at"; whereas Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, "is manifestly a house of God"; by reason, forsooth, of its "inspiring Gothic architecture"! Rarely does Mr. Booth entirely commit himself; one moment he blesses, the next condemns. He will speak with evident approval of special efforts to reach the people, such as those adopted by the Rev. H. T. Meakin, when at "Locksfields," and then add, "it may perhaps savour too much of success at any price." If we are astonished at the method pursued in order to obtain authoritative information, viz. asking the officials connected with the churches themselves, still more are we astonished at the simplicity which quotes what one church says about another. The Wesleyans at Tulse Hill are "worldly to a degree," according to the verdict of their "more austere neighbours," a verdict which is not inexplicable when we learn further on that "the Wesleyans possess a successful church in a commanding situation." As to Mr. Meakin's work in Bermondsey, "the whole movement is regarded with great distrust by many of the most deeply

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, SAMUEL BRADFORD, AND WILLIAM H. FURNESS.
From a photograph in 1875 by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.
(Reproduced from the *Critic*.)

* "Life and Labour of the People of London." Third Series: Religious Influences. By Charles Booth. Seven volumes. 30s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

From a replica of the original painting by David Scott, executed in Edinburgh in 1848, and now in the Town Hall, Concord, Mass., done by the artist's brother William Bell Scott, and in the possession of Mrs. Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, who has kindly permitted the portrait to be specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN.

"This portrait is a very successful rendering of the peculiarities of Emerson's look and manner, which were physiognomically significant of his thought and spirit. The slight depression at the corners of the mouth, with a touch of sternness, the one arm extending from his side as he became more animated by his theme, the two or three fingers of the other hand pressed to the palm, as if holding tightly some reservation; all these, and other indefinable characteristics photographed on the mind of one who has attentively listened to Emerson, are in this picture."—M. D. Conway's "Emerson at Home and Abroad."

Photo by A. Swan Watson, Edinburgh.

religious people." Mr. Booth reserves his judgment. Let us now examine what the testimonies of interested officials are worth. We read that St. Mary Magdalene's, Wandsworth Common, is "crammed morning and evening." We turn to the *Daily News*, whose enumerators visited the church on a fine day, and find that in a building which will accommodate 700 persons, 580 were present in the morning, and 267 at night. In one place Mr. Booth says that "attendances are always a crude test." Had he paid more careful attention to them, however, his book would have gained in accuracy what it lost in errors. A few pages further on we read of Holy Trinity, Tulse Hill, that "the church is practically full on Sunday morning," whereas the Census shows that only 575 were present in a building which will hold 1,100 persons. St. Barnabas', Dulwich, seats 788 people, and we are told that "this accommodation is well used at both services"; when this place of worship was enumerated only 539 were present in the morning, and 504 in the evening. All Saints, Blackheath, is "filled on Sunday morning," whereas, with accommodation for 666, only 222 were present when the worshippers were counted, and 144 of these were children. Of St. Matthew's, Denmark Hill, we are told, "the men come. It is not a 'bonnet' congregation." Turning to the *Daily News* we find that on the day of the enumeration 185 women and 125 men were present in the morning; while at night 376 women and 200 men were present. At St. Luke's, Norwood, it is said that "there is a good attendance on Sunday." The building will hold 900 people. On the day of visitation 464 were present in the morning, and 424 in the evening. St. Mary's, Lewisham, "is 'packed,' and chairs are set in the aisles"; whereas with accommodation for 1,100 persons 803 were present in the morning and 870 at night. These illustrations of the worth of interested evidence are all culled from volume six, and are given on pages which almost follow each other. They could be multiplied abundantly from the preceding five volumes. We have purposely restricted our quotations on this head in order that we might show the worth of the testimonies within a circumscribed area. It should be borne in mind that the general condition of these churches has not changed since Mr. Booth examined them. The Vicar of All Saints, Camberwell, is quoted as saying that in this district "Dissent has no chance." What are the facts as revealed by the *Daily News*? If the census is any guide the largest congregations in the neighbourhood belong to the Free Churches. We give the figures for three of their places of worship. South London Tabernacle had a congregation for the day of 1,615. Rye Lane Chapel had a congregation for the day of 1,705. Clifton Chapel had a congregation for the day of 1,287. The congregation for the day of the Vicar who made this statement was 369. One of the surprises of the Census has been that it has proved the Nonconformists to possess the greatest hold on the poorer boroughs.

It is the reliance Mr. Booth places, and expects us to place, on unveracious evidence of the kind specified that so detracts from the value of his work. A considerable portion of each volume is devoted to recording conversations, scraps of conversation we ought rather to say, naturally varying according to the characters of the speakers.

Again, the list of churches and missions in each ecclesiastical parish has not been too carefully compiled. We detail a few omissions; time and space alike forbid more. All those quoted have been built many years; the name of the parish stands first, then the church. St. John's, North Woolwich, Gospel Hall (Brethren), Elizabeth Street; St. Michael's, Woolwich, Royal Dockyard Church; St. John's, Horsleydown, Elizabeth Street, Union Congregational Church (this building succeeded Parish Street Congregational Chapel, neither is mentioned); St. Peter's, Walworth, Wellington College Mission, Etherdon Street; St. Michael's, Blackheath Park, The Avenue Wesleyan Church; St. Swithin's, Hither Green, Congregational Mission Hall, Nightingale Grove, and Norfolk Hall (Brethren), Brownhill Road; St. Mary of Eton, Hackney Wick, Daintry Street Wesleyan Methodist Church (1885); St. John's, Walworth, Borough Synagogue, Vowler Street (1867); Christ Church, Blackfriars, Castle Yard Ragged Schools, Holland Street; St. George the Martyr's, Boro', Mansfield Street Ragged Schools. In St. Luke's, Grange Road parish, a chapel belonging to the United Methodist Free Church is described as Primitive Methodist. In vol. iv., p. 167, St. Peter's Mission (Christ Church, Abbey Street), is marked as closed, whereas on p. 169, under the parish of Saint Mary Magdalene, it is given as open. The latter statement is correct. In the parish of Corpus Christi, Old Kent Road, the Hatcham Manor Wesleyan Methodist Chapel is given as United Methodist Free Church, and the Seamen's Mission, East India Dock Road, is not mentioned at all, though it has been in existence for nine years.

Before passing to the summary, one may add that the type and paper of the books are all that could be desired. The binding, however, is quite unsuitable; white vellum, with gold decorations and green ribbon marker, seem better fitted for a collection of poems than a work of reference. We should have preferred "a customary suit of solemn black." The volumes savour too much of the "Englishwoman's Love Letters" in appearance. A comprehensive index at the end of volume seven, and many excellent coloured maps showing the character of the district, are provided.

The last volume has naturally occasioned the most controversy, because in it Mr. Booth occupies the judge's seat, summing up and pronouncing sentence in the most approved style. It contains much wise thinking and much unwise generalisation. Mr. Booth has criticised from the outside that which can only be understood from within. The verdict on organised religion is that it has failed from one end of London to the other, and the verdict on the people is that from North to South and from East to West they are apathetic and indifferent to the claims of religion. Churches and missions are alike miserable sinners; they have done those things which they ought not to have done, and left undone those things which they ought to have done, and there is no health in them. The common people, far from hearing gladly,

refuse to listen at all. Anglican and Free Church, Roman Catholic and Unitarian, agree in one particular—they all come short. "Theoretically the masses of the people may perhaps be regarded as belonging to the Church of England, but in practice only a small minority do so." "As a generating spiritual force capable of uplifting the mass of its adherents, the Church of England fails even among the rich." "Passing next to parishes which are entirely or almost entirely occupied by a regular wage-earning class, it must be admitted that all branches of the Church of England fail alike." Turning to the Nonconformists, we find that the Unitarians and "Friends" are both decreasing in numbers; the latter body, however, has always exerted a beneficent influence out of all proportion to its size. The Salvation Army is singled out for high praise, notwithstanding the fact "that as regards spreading the Gospel in London in any broad measure the movement has altogether failed," yet "for earnest faith, strenuous work, and real self-sacrifice for the good of others, the Salvation Army stands first." "But with them no less, and perhaps even more than with all the rest, it is their own religious life that is spun and woven, and what they would persuade themselves and others to believe as to their religious work in the world and its influence as a Gospel deliverance is but part of an extraordinary illusion which begins to stand unveiled before us." The Primitive Methodists are eulogised, they "reach the working people." The Wesleyan Methodists "have no equals in self-deception"; though "for perfection of organisation their work is unrivalled." In Mr. Booth's judgment their "enthusiasm and overwrought emotions produce a false atmosphere of exaggerated language." The Presbyterians "attract the most intelligent section of the middle class." "The Baptist community is virile beyond any other Christian body." Their fault is "a too obtrusive piety." Their "views are somewhat austere; Hell plays fully as great a part as Heaven." The most serious charge is reserved for the Congregationalists, "whose influence is more social than religious," and whose weakness is "self-satisfaction"; such an accusation should not have been made unless supported by incontrovertible evidence, and we are justified in asking by what methods this conclusion was arrived at. The fact that it may be true of certain churches is not a sufficient excuse for condemning the community as a whole. The best tests of the spirituality of a church are the saintly lives of its members, and its enthusiastic missionary zeal; judged by these the Congregational body takes a high place. As for the "self-satisfaction" engendered, we might challenge Mr. Charles Booth to mention another Church within whose borders there is more criticism of a kind calculated to engender humility rather than pride. We have commented on this serious charge, as it exhibits in a special manner the unfairness and untrustworthiness of generalisations. The Roman Catholic Church possesses an "extraordinary degree of adaptability, and the corresponding fault super-subtlety; their leading characteristic is strength of authority, and the inevitable result is weakness of individuality." "We rejoice," says Mr. Booth, "to feel assured that the conversion of England to Roman Catholicism is a chimerical dream. As a nation we are not likely to become Catholic." Settlements are "still experimental," but on Missions Mr. Booth has much to say, and his words are golden. He pleads for the better appearance of the halls and rooms; asking what success could a retail shop have which was equally careless of appearances; "in the poorest and most disreputable streets the poorest and most disreputable building is too often the mission room." The conclusion of the whole matter appears to be disheartening. "Taking London as a whole it is the young children alone who are in the mass responsive." The most zealous body at the present time is perhaps the High Church party, who seek to capture the imagination by elaborate ritual, but "the idea that on these lines the world of men could ever be won is utterly untenable." Mr. Booth maintains that one of the chief hindrances to the success of the churches in London is the unwillingness of the Established Church "to recognise a wide field for the efforts of other branches of the Christian Church"; it is, he continues, "a relic of mediævalism, involving the assumption of a catholicity of observance and uniformity of opinion that are non-existent. It is a matter in which common sense overrides logic." Again: "The main trouble lies between the Established Church and those who cannot submit to her authority and pretensions. To her the complaints apply, and hers is the opportunity to rise above sectional ideas and assume the leadership. I do not hesitate to affirm that in London it lies neglected at her feet. To attain it, doctrinal authority, which she is powerless to wield, and mediæval pretensions, which may well be left to Rome, must indeed be abandoned. It would indeed be a new departure, I grant, but no new organisation is required. To give to others their place would be to fill her own, and this not in London only, but as the Mother Church of all the English-speaking sections." We said that the conclusion of the whole matter appeared to be disheartening, but though we close the volumes with a feeling akin to despair, wiser thinking dispels the gloom. After all, this work only deals with *organised* religion, the Church outside all the churches is only touched upon. Our hope rests on those who, in Mr. Booth's words, "are building in their own hearts and in the hearts of the people an unseen, unrecognised Church." The very apathy, if not opposition, of the working men has a note of cheer in it. They have, Mr. Booth tells us, "a far more exacting conception of its (religion's) ethical obligations" than the class above them. "They expect a religious man to make his life square with his opinions," and it is owing to their high ideas of what religion involves that they refuse to yield to its demands.

We are further encouraged by the fact that not only what is called religious *is* religious. Throughout this work Mr. Booth hesitates to denominate social work as definitely religious. We see no sufficient reason for such hesitation. The founder of the Church never confined His activities to the redemption of the soul, nor need any of His followers apologise for treading in His footsteps. Whatever makes for cleaner living, truer thinking, holier feeling, makes for righteousness. In many a spot the sanitary inspector and

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-FIVE.

"His face was thin, his nose somewhat accipitrine, casting a broad shadow; his mouth rather wide, well formed and well closed, carrying a question and an assertion in its finely finished curves; the lower lip a little prominent, the chin shapely and firm, as becomes the corner-stone of the countenance."—"Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

(Reproduced from "The American Immortals," by kind permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

the officer of health must precede the missionary. "It does not appear," writes Mr. Booth of a certain district, "that religious ministrations in any form are the first necessity here. The most evident step towards improvement would be the forcible opening up of this stronghold of squalor." Again we are cheered by what Mr. Booth calls "the astounding goodness of bad people," of kindly traits and unselfish motives, unsuspected and discounted. In conclusion, before we condemn the Churches, let us imagine London without the cleansing, healing, vivifying streams of religious influence which flow from them. Let not the lowliest worker lose heart, rather let him call to mind the words of a great saint and soldier of the Cross: "In God's world for those who are in earnest there is no real failure at last; no work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice freely made, was ever in vain."

R. MUDIE-SMITH.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"Mr. Emerson was tall—six feet in his shoes—erect until his latter days, neither very thin nor stout in frame, with rather narrow and unusually sloping shoulders, and long neck, but very well-poised head, and a dignity of carriage. His eyes were very blue, his hair dark brown, his complexion clear, and always with good colour. His features were pronounced, but refined, and his face very much modelled, as a sculptor would say.—"Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Edward W. Emerson.

From a photograph in the Alexander Ireland Collection, kindly supplied by Mr. Charles W. Sutton, Free Reference Library, King Street, Manchester.

Photo by J. W. Black, Boston.

AN AMERICAN COMTIST.*

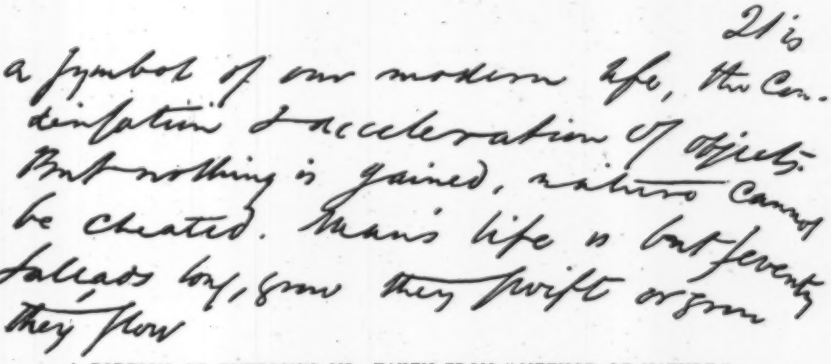
So far as I can judge, the significance of Mr. Lester Ward's six hundred pages will depend rather on the welcome they receive in America than on their intrinsic value. And for this reason. Mr. Ward, who is an expert in fossil botany, a collector of evidence concerning evolution from every side, and a vigorous dogmatic lecturer, is before all things a disciple of Comte. For him, as for the typical modern Frenchman, religion does not exist. The God in which (one cannot say in whom) he believes is Schopenhauer's "Will to live," or "the conative faculty." He tells us that "it is not matter but collision that constitutes the only cause," and this "eternal pelting of atoms" is "the soul of the universe." Whereupon he derives from it all we see and shall see, including human society along its whole history, with what is yet to come. But his determined subject is "the spontaneous" as distinct from "the artificial." We might, therefore, sum up his volume in a formula which would be Darwinian as regards biology, and Comtist where it touches on social phenomena. It is by no means agnostic. Mr. Ward has a creed which hardly yields to the Athanasian in point of detail; nay, it goes far beyond any mere creed in fulness, and resembles a brand-new Bible. For it takes all in from Genesis to Apocalypse, with a confidence which amuses when it does not stagger the average mind. Here then is the Summa Atheistica of all knowledge. And we ask how it will be received by Americans.

It is very bold in another sense. When we have resolved the cosmic plan into a "pelting of atoms," design becomes nothing but an idiot who knocks at all doors and stumbles finally over the right one. Structure is only a trick of function; no condition is stable; no law everlastingly justified; and no morality much better than a convenient ready reckoning. By the supreme Good we cannot mean holiness; all we mean is happiness. Of ourselves, the individual? or of the greater number? Apparently the event determines, and we mean the happiness of those who are happy. But in what do they find it? We begin to discern a possible new order of things, property held on conditions fixed by power of the multitude, or of a Council of Ten, should they get the upper hand; the family dissolved in favour of a free-loving matriarchate; other associations yet more bewildering and not easily hinted at; a good deal of vivisection, exercised on the lower animals (why not on the lower "humans"?) for the benefit of an expanding upper class; and all this will be termed "enlightenment." Mr. Ward fearlessly applies to man the analogies with which he is familiar in his fossils. In order to grasp their significance qualified persons will do well to glance at the chapter on the "phylogenetic forces," which, written as it is and published for general reading in New York, comes upon us with a sense of surprise. Its implications reach very far, but evidently we cannot in these columns discuss their bearing.

One or two difficulties stand in Mr. Ward's path. He is, and cannot help being, a materialist according to the proper definition of the term. For he denies that mind is the original of things, and deduces them all, without exception, from that which is not mind. An objection, however, cannot be overlooked, namely, that to get mind out of not mind is to make the effect greater than the cause. How does Mr. Ward deal with this crucial question? As it is vitally important, I will let him speak for himself. He writes thus:

"Most psychologists and also the world at large regard consciousness as something that differs *toto cælo* from all other things. They are scarcely willing to admit that it can be a natural thing at all. The testimony on this point is so nearly unanimous that it seems almost presumptuous in any one to attempt to stem such a current. It is not confined to persons of a theological bent, but extends to the

* "Pure Sociology: A Treatise on the Origin and Spontaneous Development of Society." By Lester F. Ward. 17s. net. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)



A PORTION OF EMERSON'S MS., TAKEN FROM "METHOD OF NATURE."
(Reproduced from "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors," by kind permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

most outspoken evolutionists, like Spencer and Huxley. But it is difficult to see why this should be so. It practically amounts to a recognition of discontinuity, and seems to me virtually to give away the whole evolutionary or monistic hypothesis. If at this particular point where psychic phenomena begin there is an absolute break, and something is introduced whose elements are not contained in anything that preceded it. . . there seems to be no reason for stopping short of the most arbitrary theological explanation of all the phenomena of the universe." (p. 123.)

That is a precious acknowledgment. Mr. Ward has often written better English, but seldom more to the point. He gives his own measure in not recognising a difference between feeling and no feeling, between the conscious and the unconscious, which to Professor Huxley as to Mr. Spencer seemed insuperable. What are the "elements" of "feeling," for instance? Surely pleasure or pain. Is there any pleasure, or any pain, or the faintest promise of either, in the purely inorganic "pelting of atoms," from which, according to Mr. Lester Ward, the whole universe has resulted? And if not, how can we conceive of "psychic phenomena," apart from an "absolute break," and an utterly new "factor"? The same argument comes back with redoubled force when we pass on from feeling to perception, and from perception to self-consciousness. Mr. Lester Ward, it is superfluous to add, explains not a single one of these steps in advance. He lays down his dogma *ex cathedra;* affirms the "biologic origin of mind," and having taken this *salto mortale* is astonished that Huxley and Spencer did not take it before him. He rebukes them as belated theologians, lingering far into the scientific era. And so, as chemistry gives us life, and biology mind, and happiness is virtue, and everyone knows what will make him happy, the lines of a pure sociology may now be drawn. When the atoms have pelted one another into agreeable sensations, the moral order will be established and the Millennium secure.

WILLIAM BARRY.

SIR W. W. HUNTER'S ESSAYS ON INDIA.*

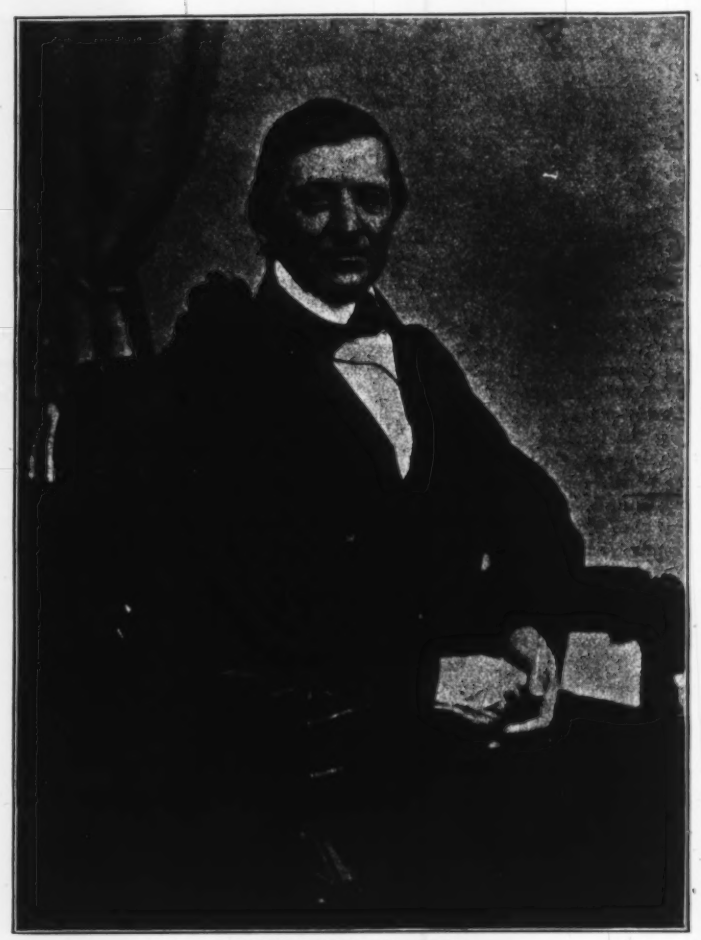
By her republication of the eight Essays which form this volume Lady Hunter has done a service not only to the abiding reputation of her husband, but to Anglo-Indian literature. His Gazetteer of our Indian Empire and his great book, "The Indian Empire," which was expanded from the article on India in that Gazetteer, are compilations of unique value for the period to which they refer. They are, however, already being superseded, not merely by new editions but by what will be virtually new books, by later writers. The two volumes of his History of British India form a magnificent torso, reaching down to 1708 only, which Mr. P. E. Roberts, the secretary whom he taught, is now continuing through other five volumes to the eve of the Sepoy Mutiny in 1856. But these eight Essays gather the ripe fruits, literary, political, and economic, of his statistical survey of Southern Asia, and generalise the lessons to be applied by practical statesmanship. The Essays were written with a care and they maintain a dignity and a charm of style impossible in gazetteer or in rapid journalism. Again and again the reader is reminded of Macaulay at his best, in those Anglo-Indian Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings which the first Law Member of Council wrote in Calcutta to beguile the tedium of the hot season.

The first of the eight, which gives a title to the volume, Hunter wrote for the *Times*, on his final return from India in 1887, on the occasion of the first Jubilee celebration of the Queen-Empress Victoria. In the same year the *Nineteenth Century* had published his most effective contrast to the system of British conquest and administration in the East, under the title of "The Ruin of Aurangzeb, or the History of a Reaction." Had he ever given us a parallel sketch on the temporary triumph of the Marathas under Sivaji, he would have completed the picture of the combined Muhammadan despotism and Hindu anarchy, which the East India Company swept away for ever, as it prepared the way for the direct sovereignty of the British Crown, with its law and order, its toleration and civilisation, its beneficence and persuasive Christianity. W. W. Hunter on Sivaji and the Peshwas down to Sir John Malcolm and the Cawnpore Massacres, would have been his crowning work. He did not live to write it as a part of his unfinished His-

* "The India of the Queen, and other Essays." By the late Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., etc. Edited by Lady Hunter. With an Introduction by F. H. Skrine, I.C.S. (ret.) Price 9s. net (Longmans, 1903.)

THE HOUSE IN FENNY STREET, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,
Where Emerson lived at intervals during his visit to England in 1847-48.
"I am established in my own lodgings on English ground, and have a fair parlor and chamber, into both of which the sun and moon shine, into which friendly people have already entered."—Letter from Emerson to Carlyle, November 5th, 1847.
Photo by R. Eanks, Manchester.

tory. In 1891 he sketched in the *Contemporary Review* the concessions made by Lord Cross, when Secretary of State, to the demand of the educated natives for political representation, which was then wisely granted in an indirect form through local bodies, like the municipalities and district boards. On the non-political side in 1888 he wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* a marvellous picture of the Hugli and the history of the early European Factories in Bengal, terming it "A River of Ruined Capitals." In the same year, having addressed the Decennial Missionary Conference in Exeter Hall, he published a most sympathetic and suggestive article on "Our Missionaries," with whom from that date he identified himself as a public supporter. In 1896 he contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* an altogether new discovery, made when he was examining the Indian MSS. in the Bodleian Library, and termed it "A Forgotten Oxford Movement." He unearthed the proposal from Fell, Bishop of Oxford, to Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, made in 1681 (June 21), that the East India Company should at once remove "the shame" of attempting nothing towards the conversion of the natives, who enriched it by commerce. He traced the Company's at first honest attempts to do its duty, and then its cowardly failure and opposition to the efforts of others, till William Carey was smuggled into Bengal as an indigo-planter, and his Brotherhood had to seek a safe centre in Danish Serampore. The closing Essay is a charming biography of the poor Hungarian student and traveller, Csoma de Körös, entitled "A Pilgrim Scholar," which he first wrote for the Allahabad newspaper.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
From a photograph in the Alexander Ireland Collection, kindly supplied by Mr. Charles W. Sutton, Free Reference Library, King Street, Manchester.
Photo by J. W. Black, Boston.

We have reserved for special notice the earliest of Hunter's Essays, which appears as the fourth in this volume, "England's Work in India." Originally he delivered it in 1879-80, in the form of two Lectures to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. We consider it the best of all his writings in literary excellence, but above all in freedom from exaggeration, in sanity of judgment, and in combined fairness to the British Government and to the natives of India. From an economic point of view only it has been so far superseded by Lord Curzon's elaborate "Resolution of the Government of India" on the land revenue system of the country, published in January, 1902, in answer to the one-sided misrepresentations of the Dutts and the Digbys, the so-called National Congress of India, and its creator, Mr. Allan Hume. In the W. W. Hunter of 1879, and in the Lord Curzon of a quarter of a century later, every impartial enquirer will find the two sides of the Poverty of India question stated with a completeness and an accuracy which leave little more to be said. Similarly in the 1888 article on Missions, Protestant and Roman, especially on page 221, will be found a near approximation to the truth as to Christianity *versus* Hinduism, Buddhism, and Islam, but always with the very serious exception confessed in these sentences: "Christianity comes to the Indian races in an age of new activity and hopefulness as a fully-equipped religion of effort and hope. And it comes to them in a spirit of conciliation which it did not disclose before. It thus presents its two most practical claims on human acceptance. For, although, to a fortunate minority, Christianity may be a religion of faith, yet I think that to most of us it is rather a religion of hope and of charity." So Sir W. W. Hunter represented it in the most pathetic and unreal of all his writings, "The Old Missionary." But, now, as in the days of "Athanasius contra mundum," it is in virtue of faith that the hope and charity of Christianity claim to be, and are, of divine origin and power.

The permanent value of this book would be increased, from both the biographical and historical points of view, if, in another edition, the Essays were arranged in chronological order, and Mr. Skrine brought the statistics, etc., down to date, with other illustrative notes.

It will be well if Parliament and the increasing number of British citizens who realise their responsibility for the three hundred millions of India, learn from these Essays, and from the present able Viceroy's speeches and writings, "how unsafe are those guides who see only the anomalies of our rule, without having penetrated into their causes." If those who think that all our difficulties are due to the shortcomings of Government were right, the solution would be easy, for our culpable representatives in India would be swiftly swept away by the British people. But so long as drought periodically affects a fourth of the area, and our secure and prosperous administration causes the population so to increase as to outstrip in some Provinces the food-producing powers of the soil; and so long as their own religious and social systems keep the character and intelligence of the masses as they are, the cure of India's evils will be slow, and the task of India's rulers and missionaries will continue to require all the moral energy and Christian philanthropy of the two great English-speaking peoples.

GEORGE SMITH.

ISABELLA D'ESTE.*

As a sketch of one of the most dramatic and sumptuous periods of Italian history the two volumes built up round the long life of Isabella D'Este are full of interest. It was a time when among the Latins, at least, an almost primitive

* "Isabella D'Este. A Study of the Renaissance." By Julia Cartwright. 2 vols. 25s. net. (John Murray.)

BROOK FARM.

The Brook Farm Community was estab'ished in 1841. Its founders and leaders were among Emerson's intimate friends. He often visited the Farm, and to a large extent sympathised with its purposes, but did not himself become an active member of the Community.

"From the first house, the old farmhouse called now 'The Hive'—a pretty and well-chosen name—the driveway led to the other houses. It descended nearly to the level of the meadow, and did not rise again until it neared 'The Pilgrim House,' the most distant one. From that it turned on itself on the high ground toward the 'Cottage' and 'Eyry,' the remaining houses."

(Reproduced from "Brook Farm" by John T. Codman.)

THE APPROACH TO EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD.

"If I could put my words in song,
And tell what's there enjoyed,
All men would to my garden throng,
And leave the cities void.

My garden is a forest ledge,
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound."

—*My Garden.*

(Reproduced from the *Critic.*)

recklessness of life mingled with the subtlest artistic appreciations, and with a civilisation refined by an almost passionate care for the more permanent delights of material existence. In the life of Isabella D'Este this contradiction of the keenest mental and artistic engrossments, with the most rudimentary hates and the most injudicious tumultuousness of political conduct, is perpetual. As Marchioness of Este she lived through years of unending revolutions, with the unspeakable outrages that were their inseparable consequence. Nevertheless Isabella—and in this she was typical of the greater number of the Italian aristocracy—continued to the end of life an insatiable connoisseur. Pico di Mirandola, Perugino, Titian, Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, were all urgently pressed into the service of the great collector of Mantua, and the portrait of her by Titian, of which an excellent reproduction is given in Miss Cartwright's volumes, expresses with singular clarity the impetuosity as well as the essential geniality of the temperament. A letter and its answer, upon the subject of a picture she wanted of Leonardo da Vinci, are so characteristic of both the woman and the painter as to be worth quoting. She wrote to Fra Pietro da Novellara, who was in Florence: "Most Reverend Father in God,—If Leonardo, the Florentine painter, is now in Florence, we beg you will inform us what kind of life he is leading, that is to say if he has begun any work. . . . Your Reverence might find out if he would undertake to paint a picture for our studio. If he consents, we would leave the subject and the time to him; but if he declines, you might at least induce him to paint us a little picture of the Madonna, as sweet and holy as his own nature. . . ." The answer concerning Da Vinci was as follows: "From what I hear, Leonardo's manner of life is very changeable and uncertain, so that he seems to live for the day only. Since he has been in Florence he has only made one sketch—a cartoon of a child Christ, about a year old, almost jumping out of his mother's arms to seize hold of a lamb. . . . He has done nothing else, excepting that two of his apprentices are painting portraits to which he sometimes adds a few touches. He is working hard at geometry, and is quite tired of painting."

Perugino was another artist Isabella corresponded at great length concerning. In fact she exhausted every possible insistence in order to get both him and Bellini to work for her famous studio at Mantua.

But Isabella D'Este's appreciations were expended with the same lavish eagerness upon literature as upon art. Ariosto and Tasso were both among her friends, and a letter is given from the latter which even at this distance of time breathes a genuine affection behind the elaborateness of intentional courtesy and graciousness.

But while Isabella collected with untiring zest and assiduity, keeping up a practically ceaseless correspondence with Italy's great men, she passed through one family disaster after another, including the capture and imprisonment of her husband, and the defeat and exile of her brother and sister-in-law. During the famous siege and sacking of Rome, in which Cellini boasts—not wholly unsupported by evidence—of having himself killed the Bourbon as he attempted to enter, she was shut up in Rome, and within a hair's breadth of being included in the wholesale torture and massacre of the inhabitants.

Of Isabella D'Este's personal characteristics, Miss Cartwright's two bulky volumes give no intimate revelations. She had evidently, however, a very upright as well as judicious intellect, besides possessing a very sensitive response to every form of beauty. Her private life must obviously have stricken her with many sorrows, but there is no evidence of their having lain with permanent heaviness upon a disposition pre-eminently influenced by inanimate objects. A valuable old manuscript, an old marble, a lovely design for the making of a new fountain or unique ornament, filled her with a more entire satisfaction than any other personal good fortune. At the same time she seems to have possessed a very proud and delicate sense of duty, and in her family relations to have been both genial and broad-minded. The author has put her immense collection of facts both carefully and lucidly together, and if to a certain extent the very quality so characteristic of the period—its abounding vitality—evades her powers of reproduction, the impression of an absolute adherence to facts emerges with all the more certainty. The personal and visual grasp of a drama grown remote through the insidious divergences of several centuries has invariably a suspicious element. The question of how much is the colouring of the personal idea remains always present. Here the security of a strict and conscientious adhesion to facts is never disturbed, while the facts in themselves are on the whole unusually rich in desirable information.

THE LIBRARY EDITION OF RUSKIN.*

From the first two volumes of this magnificent work we may say with confidence that the Library edition of Ruskin will be the final edition. It satisfies, and more than satisfies, every reasonable anticipation. At first one is disposed to regret that so much of the matter is in small print, and to sigh for the unsurpassed type of the Edinburgh Stevenson. But here the materials are so numerous, and they require so much elucidation, that we do not see how they could have been handled otherwise, and for the rest Mr. George Allen's taste and care and long experience have been crystallised to the full in giving us thoroughly agreeable and desirable specimens of book work. His task was difficult, but that of the editors was even more exacting. Perhaps no editors of a great writer have ever been so embarrassed by the methods and the productivity of their author. Ruskin was ceaselessly active. The bibliography of his works, issued in 1893, contained no fewer than 777 items. Since then the total has been considerably increased. Also he was apt to

* "The Works of John Ruskin." Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn Vol. I. Early Prose Writings, 1834-1843. Vol. II. Poems. (George Allen.)

grow weary of a subject before he had finished it. He would sometimes have as many as seven books on the stocks simultaneously, writing and issuing a part of one and then a part of another. He was very fond of revising his old books. "Sesame and Lilies," for example, in some editions includes two lectures, in others three. He wrote at different times three entirely distinct prefaces. No edition of the book yet published contains within the same cover all the matter which at one time or another was issued under the title "Sesame and Lilies." Many of his works were privately printed. He contributed scattered writings to magazines, to "Proceedings," to newspapers. Hitherto the works of Ruskin, as published by Mr. Allen, consist of seventy to eighty volumes and pamphlets in various forms, but they are not nearly complete. Mr. Cook and Mr. Wedderburn have followed a plan which cannot be improved on. They give us in this edition (1) all Ruskin's books now current in other editions; (2) a reissue of all publications by him now out of print or only privately circulated; (3) all his letters, articles, and other scattered writings, printed but not heretofore collected; and (4) a collation of all the different editions, thus bringing together within the pages of each book everything that he at any time published in it. They have also included all the illustrations inserted by Ruskin in his books, and all drawings by him which have hitherto been published. We cannot praise too highly the manner in which the drawings have been reproduced. Where the original plates have not been used resource has been had to photogravure and other processes. In addition to the illustrations previously published, many new drawings and portraits are included. Further, the editors have given us new matter of three kinds: (1) unpublished MSS. by Ruskin; (2) collations of Ruskin's MSS. of published works; and (3) letters and diaries. The diaries and letters have been drawn from for purposes of illustrating passages in his published works, or of adding material of biographical and literary interest. Each volume in the edition is prefaced by an introduction, which is at once bibliographical and biographical; bibliographical notes in more detail being added as they are needed. The works written piecemeal, and published at irregular intervals, are all to be brought together, and in the last volume of the edition will be found a bibliography, a catalogue of the manuscripts, and a full introduction to Ruskin's works. We do not see what more could possibly be done. The names of the editors and the specimens of their work before us give ground for the fullest confidence in their thoroughness and discretion. We have not found in the first two volumes the slightest slip of any sort. On one point, however, we are not quite satisfied. Is there to be a full biography of Ruskin, with his letters and diaries? We hope very much that such a book will be prepared. In that case all private letters hitherto unpublished ought to be reserved.

The early writings of Ruskin, and especially the poems, are interesting, not so much in themselves as because they are his. It may be noted in connection with the Lytton centenary that the Ruskin of 1836 admired Bulwer. W. R. N.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.*

If there were a chair of Dramatic Criticism at Oxford—there is one, or something very like it, at several American universities—Mr. A. B. Walkley would be the ideal professor. His lectures would be stimulating and suggestive in the highest degree, well nourished with theory, fertile in illustration. They would awaken in all who heard them a living interest in the subject—and what can a professor do better? In after life, his students might have to forget or unlearn a good deal of his doctrine—but of what professor may we not say the same? Even geometry, I am given to understand, is a progressive science; and if there are schools of geometrical thought, conservative and radical drifts of opinion, how much more must this be the case in dramatic criticism? It is the business of a professor not to implant thoughts, and still less final, irreversible judgments, but to awaken the will to think and train the faculty of thinking.

This Mr. Walkley would do; none better. But of one thing we may be sure—that as soon as he was safe in his professorial chair, his critical stall would know him no more. He would never go to the theatre. The actual playhouse, the flesh-and-blood actors and actresses, bore him. His interest is not so much in the drama itself as in theory and opinion about the drama—or, briefly, in the specific subject of these lectures, "dramatic criticism." He has been struck by the fact that there is a strange product of the human brain called drama, which comes into existence under certain peculiar conditions, and has been thought of, and spoken of, for twenty-five centuries or so, in all sorts of ingenious, subtle, and curiously conflicting ways. The whole phenomenon fascinates him; but he would much rather study it in books than in the theatre. Hence the charm of these lectures; but hence, too, his chief defect as a practising critic, so to speak—his frequent air of superiority to his subject. Partly, no doubt, by innate tendency, and partly by deliberate choice, he has come to take a purely intellectual view of the drama, and to despise the emotional and unreasoning pleasures which are to be found in the theatre, and in the theatre alone. He actually lays it down as a principle that the critic must be careful not to let his mental temperature rise with what Herrick calls

> "The holy rage, the frantic fires that stir
> And flash about the spacious theatre."

"We have noted," he writes, "the contagious influence of the crowd, and its results. Now, just as the able theatrical manager is he who allows for that contagious influence, is indeed a kind of professional incendiary, always watching when he can set the crowd on fire, so the critic is the one man in the theatre whose business it is to react against the crowd, to 'sit tight,' as the phrase goes, and to preserve the independence of his personal judgment, the captaincy of his soul." There is a certain obvious sense in which this is true. The critic must not be carried away by the sheer infatuation of every vulgar, sensation-loving or star-worshipping audience. But if he is incapable of thrilling, on occasion, to the emotional electricity of a deeply-stirred house—if he remains an obstinate non-conductor, however intense may be the current of feeling—he will be the worse, and not the better, critic on that account. Let him afterwards analyse, and if necessary discount, his emotion; but in the theatre, if he feels any tendency to kindle with the kindling of the crowd, let him not resist it. Strictly considered, Mr. Walkley's principle is almost self-contradictory. He admits—no one more emphatically—that the dramatist is bound to address himself to a number of people assembled under conditions which beget a peculiar mental atmosphere. He admits that the dramatist's work must be carefully calculated to live, move, and have its being in this atmosphere. Yet he would have the critic resolutely decline to breathe this atmosphere, and sit apart in a little rarefied aura of his own! No wonder that, as Mr. Walkley himself says, "the vocabulary of daily life"—especially where dramatists and actors most do congregate—"has never adopted the word 'critic' as a term of endearment."

These lectures make delightful reading, as they made delightful hearing. Mr. Walkley's style always moves with what the Scotch song calls a "light-springing footstep." It never drags and it never plods. On almost every page, too, one finds some critical theory phrased or illustrated with unusual felicity, some suggestion that prompts one to close the book (keeping one's finger between the leaves) and think it out. Occasionally the result of this process is to make one doubt whether Mr. Walkley has been careful enough in verifying the particulars of his generalisations. If a theory seems plausible, and especially if it has a certain neatness and elegance, Mr. Walkley is a little apt to let his feeling that it ought to be true relax his diligence in observing or inquiring whether it is true. Take, for example, this passage in his analysis of the mental state of any given audience—this page from his "psychology of the crowd":—

> "A crowd, having an individuality of its own, cannot but be interested in that individuality, apart from all reference to the cause which has brought it together. The crowd finds itself an interesting spectacle. From the moment of its formation it becomes self-conscious, self-assertive. To absorb its attention—that is to say, to make it forget its own existence—is an extremely difficult feat. . . . . The 'inattention,' then, of the crowd is proof of the independence and the potency of its existence. It is not really inattentive; on the contrary its attention is of the keenest, but it is directed to itself. Hence the perpetual difficulty of all arts which, like the art of the theatre, involve the presence of a crowd. The

* "Dramatic Criticism." Three Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, February, 1903. By A. B. Walkley. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

crowd has assembled because it is interested in the particular art, but, once assembled, it finds another subject of interest and a dangerous rival to the artistic subject—namely, itself."

Now this is a very pretty and plausible theory: its only disadvantage is that observation does not bear it out. There are occasions, no doubt, when the attention of individual members of an audience is distracted from the stage by their interest in other individual members. But this is not what Mr. Walkley means. This case he alludes to elsewhere, when he says:—"Ladies in public have something else to do than merely to attend. They are on parade, they constitute a show in themselves—very often a more charming show than anything offered on the other side of the footlights." It may be, too, that on special and rare occasions an audience is too much absorbed in the interest of the social solemnity to have much attention for anything else. For instance, on a gala night, when the house is glittering with diamonds and orders, many people, doubtless, find the spectacle, and even the drama, in the auditorium more enthralling than that which is proceeding on the stage. They are conscious of being members of a select, a historical, perhaps a "record," audience, and the consciousness is not likely to heighten their æsthetic receptivity. When Talma played before "a parterre of princes," at Erfurt (or was it at Dresden?), he probably did not find it the most attentive of audiences. But this, again, is not the case Mr. Walkley has in mind. He means that the average, the typical, audience is so conscious of its own existence, simply as an audience, a crowd, as to be with difficulty induced to concentrate its attention on the stage. It is not the interest of individuals in other individuals that he refers to, but the absorption of the crowd in itself. Now, does any such absorption occur? One can only answer: in the theatre, very seldom—so seldom as to be practically a negligible factor in theatrical affairs. It seems probable (here I cannot speak from observation) that the state of mind Mr. Walkley describes may be characteristic of a political crowd, and especially of a mob, welded into a state of collective self-consciousness by some ardent passion or enthusiasm. But the typical theatrical audience, though it be true that, like other crowds, "it forms a new entity with a mind and character of its own," is of all crowds the least conscious of, the least interested in, that entity. There is no such great difficulty in attracting and absorbing its attention. Mr. Walkley has only to walk any evening into almost any theatre he pleases to find a crowd following with rapt attention whatever is proceeding on the stage—often the poorest, the vapidest, the most childish stuff. He need not choose for the experiment a theatre where the play in progress is notoriously a success. Even an unsuccessful play, which is drawing thin and papered houses, will be listened to attentively enough, while it lasts. It fails because, when the evening is over, people find that their sum of pleasure has not been equivalent to the trouble and expense of theatre-going, and they spread the report that it is not worth seeing. Mr. Walkley may say that he had specially in mind the first-night audiences which do so much to make or mar the fortunes of a play. Well, a first-night audience is no doubt interested in itself between the acts; but while the curtain is up it is generally quite intent on the stage. The play must be wretched indeed which actually fails to hold the attention of the public—winning its approval is of course a different matter.

Here, then, I think, we have a neat theory inadequately controlled by observation; and it is not quite singular in Mr. Walkley's book. But many of his theories are no less sound than elegant; all are suggestive and worthy of consideration; and all are expressed with that ease, vivacity, and charm of which, alone among recent writers on the drama, Mr. Walkley has the secret.

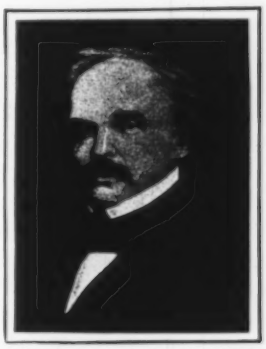
WILLIAM ARCHER.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1854.

MARGARET FULLER.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

A GROUP OF SOME NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISTS.

"Emerson's settlement in Concord is important in the general story of American Literature. With the exception of Hawthorne, the writers and thinkers since associated with that quiet village, *e.g.*, Thoreau, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, were drawn thither as disciples or friends of Emerson, and they form about him something more like a literary school than has elsewhere appeared."—"The New England Poets," by W. C. Lawton.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Walter Scott, Ltd., Mr. Elliot Stock, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

LIFE AND LETTERS OF BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT.*

If the biography of the late Bishop of Durham should prove somewhat flat and disappointing to any of its readers, the reason is that he was already so well known from his writings that not a great deal remained to be told. During his lifetime all educated Englishmen recognised the accuracy and finish of his scholarship, his indefatigable industry, the purity of his motives, and the sincerity with which he devoted himself to the cause of truth and righteousness. Indeed, it was one of the marvels of the closing century that the scholar whose works had been text-books for a generation, and whose theological writings indicated a life exclusively spent in study, should in his latter years prove himself the most acceptable and successful arbiter in labour troubles, and should win the affectionate devotion of the bluntest and least reverential of our working classes. The extraordinary influence which he exerted as a teacher and as a bishop becomes intelligible as the biography is read, for the life that is here laid open to the public eye was singularly free from all littleness and worldliness, a life indeed from first to last pure and strenuous, the embodiment and manifestation of the highest principles.

Whether the biographer might not have done his work even better than he has done it, by omitting a number of trivial notices and letters which can edify no living soul, may be questioned. Biographers have yet to learn that a good portrait in oils or a bust gives a truer idea of the person to posterity than the mummification of the entire and actual remains. But there is much in these volumes that the public will be glad to learn. In Bishop Westcott's writings there was little to suggest that at any time of his life he had found it hard to believe the Christian facts. On consideration, no doubt, it might be seen that his calm assurance was the result, not of undisturbed and unquestioning credulity, but of doubts squarely faced and searched to their root. It is satisfactory to find that in his undergraduate days his mind demanded evidence and sought truth with independence. "I never read an account

* "Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Bishop of Durham." By his son, Arthur Westcott. Two volumes. 17s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

of a miracle but I seem instinctively to feel its improbability, and discover some want of evidence in the account of it." Again he writes: "How many are the difficulties I experience no one can tell." And yet again: "New doubts and old, superstition and rationalism, all trouble me in turn. I cannot feel that simplicity and singleness of faith we all should."

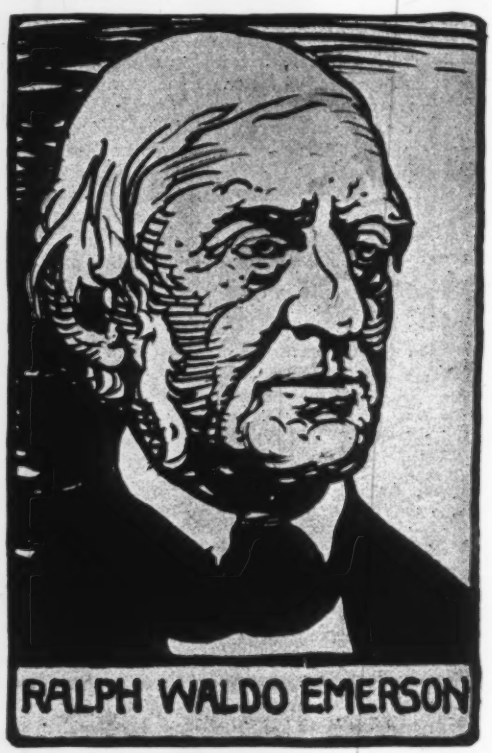
Dr. Westcott's contribution to theology was rather that of the scholar than of the original thinker. Flashes of insight he had, and very considerable freedom of thought, but his wing was not strong enough for sustained flights. Neither was his voice heard with commanding authority in the discussions which vexed the theological world during the past generation. His Commentaries and his New Testament Text will be his lasting monument. Perhaps the very completeness and many-sidedness of his nature, which so uniformly won the admiration and love of his friends, prevented him from the concentration necessary for great productiveness in philosophy or theology. He was a good draughtsman, an excellent critic of painting and poetry, and something of a performer in both departments. He won the enthusiastic admiration of Sir W. B. Richmond by his courtesy, dignity, and winning and stimulating conversation while sitting for his portrait. His pupils, Hort, Lightfoot, and Benson regarded him with that warm devotion which the undergraduate can give to the graduate a year or two ahead of him. It would be interesting, but would take us too far, to compare Westcott and Jowett as typical representatives of Cambridge and Oxford. But when all is said, nothing better expresses the spirit of Westcott's laborious and useful life than the entry he made in his little text-book on his birthday in 1890: "Little hope. Yet hold fast. No rest. What remains to do?"

MARCUS DODS.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY REVEL.*

That this book is something in the nature of an experiment Mr. Quiller-Couch implies at close of his interesting preface. "It may be permissible to add," writes he, "that the story which follows by no means exhausts the adventures, civil and military, of Harry Revel. But the recital of his further campaigning in company with Mr. Benjamin Jope, and of the verses in which Miss Plinlimmon commemorated it, will depend upon public favour." And then, by way of laying responsibility for the experiment upon himself (so it may seem), he signs the preface, not with the familiar letter which may be found on the title-pages of his other books, but with his name in full.

* "The Adventures of Harry Revel." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.)



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
From a character drawing by Frank Brangwyn.
(Reproduced from the Museum Edition of "The Essays of Emerson," by kind permission of Messrs. Gibbings and Co., Ltd.)

EMERSON'S LIBRARY AT CONCORD.

"It is a simple square room, not walled with books like the den of a literary grub, nor merely elegant like the ornamental retreat of a dilettante. The books are arranged upon plain shelves, not in architectural bookcases, and the room is hung with a few choice engravings of the greatest men. . . . The library is not only the study of a scholar, it is the bower of a poet."—G. W. Curtis in "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors."

(Reproduced from *Harper's Monthly*.)

How far public favour will be with Mr. Quiller-Couch in his experiment it is, of course, impossible to tell. Judging by the last four chapters, in which Harry Revel does really go campaigning, and in which Miss Plinlimmon does some commemorating, it is likely that public favour will at least encourage a continuation of the recital. But, judging the book by all its chapters, I for one should be inclined to doubt that it gains much in not being written by "Q"—he of "The Splendid Spur," "I Saw Three Ships," and "The Ship of Stars."

That the book is a good one, that in tone and style, in quality of freshness and humour, it has a place apart from the ruck of contemporary fiction, that the characters live, that the narrative marches as to sound of drum and fife, that the smell of the sea is in it and the power of the hills and the wholesomeness of wind and rain: that all this is so might go without saying, for all this is but characteristic of its author's work. Withal one feels that this new book, for all its goodness, disappoints expectation. It is not nearly Mr. Quiller-Couch's best book, it is surely not the great book that all of us know he must some day write. Parts of it seem hardly worth while. A deal of it is not convincing. It has an air sometimes of being forced or hurried. Here and there is careless workmanship. One misses frequently in its pages the magic hand of "Q." So much, indeed, does it seem an experiment that, without preface and title-page, it might pass for the work of someone new—a very capable and welcome newcomer, let me say, yet not so welcome as the genius who followed "The Splendid Spur" with "The Delectable Duchy," and other books of its kind.

The story starts excellently and ends better; between start and finish Harry Revel adventures to a lively tune. Of Harry himself little but good can be said, nothing indeed save that he is a little too sapient and mature for his tale of years. By birth a foundling, by training a gentleman, by chance an adventurer, he has all the qualifications and many of the graces of a popular hero. Miss Plinlimmon, that humble and beneficent soul, with her dictation book and album, her excursions into poetry, her midnight tears (were these caused, one wonders, by the defection of that strident fellow, Mr. Scougall?), her aspirations to make gentlemen of her flock of Yellow Hammers; she starts him well and inspires his going. Mr. Trapp, the chimney sweep, that "nasty keerless hulks," whose face Mrs. Trapp is so eager to wash, helps on the hero towards achievement through four years of inglorious apprenticeship. He goes fishing, learns to swim, keeps a few happy birthdays with Miss Plinlimmon, meets the weakling Archibald and the blackguardly

Letcher, witnesses a famous bull chase: then, like Tom in "The Water Babies," comes down the wrong chimney one morning, and stumbles into horrors—a dead Jew on the floor, a white face at the window, a mysterious hand on the door. It is the beginning of trouble. Beset and stricken he, like Tom again, flies through the window, and thereafter leads us breathless through adventure after adventure, upon sea and land, among sailors and soldiers, smugglers, thieves, murderers, now stark naked in a cave, now crouching lonely in a mock orange bush, now hearing the Colonel translate Virgil in his garden, now aiding to unwind the toils that Letcher and the unspeakable Whitmore and the paltry Archibald have flung about Isabel, at last escaping with Benjamin Jope to begin his campaigning, and end his present adventuring, before the walls of Cuidad Rodrigo.

All of which, in its way and of its kind, is good and of a surety will gain its meed of public favour; yet when all is done, when Cuidad Rodrigo is taken, and Whitmore has paid the penalty by the wall, and Letcher grinned his last in the balcony, it is not these adventurous things that somehow stand clearest in the memory, but just certain episodes in the good "Q" manner that here and there uplift the story. There is, for example, the quaint narration of Bill the sailor's funeral; there is the story of the heartsome marital doings of Mr. and Mrs. Pengelly; there is, above all, the beautiful account of what befel Harry Revel in the good harbourage of Minden Cottage.

Minden Cottage, with its jasmine bush, its miniature orchard, its old-fashioned garden, its summer house in which the Major sits sipping his wine, or translating the Georgics, or covering his sightless face whilst Isabel plays him to sleep with a soft tattoo on the kettledrum? Yes; it is Minden Cottage, of all places in the story, that holds our fancy; and it is the inhabitants thereof, of all people in the book, who win and keep our love. Miss Plinlimmon knew the Major and Isabel, and the three make better company for any runaway than may easily be found in present-day fiction. The Major sitting with his Virgil by the bee skeps, his loins girt and his soul shriven, is the kind of man one likes to meet and means to remember. Isabel too, so winsome and so womanly, so beset also in her fresh young life with troubles, she makes good seeing for eyes weary of the minxes of new-century novelists, and her fame shall endure. In the pages (unfortunately they are not many) that tell of these two we have no experimenting, but the sure masterly hand of "Q" himself at his finest. They are pages that no other living writer in English could accomplish, they are fiction so blent with life and the ideals of life that my only word for them (and it is the supreme word) is literature: and if I do not say that they are worth all the rest of the book it is because I remember Miss Plinlimmon and Mr. Jope and Mrs. Pengelly, and because I left Harry Revel on the track of real adventures.

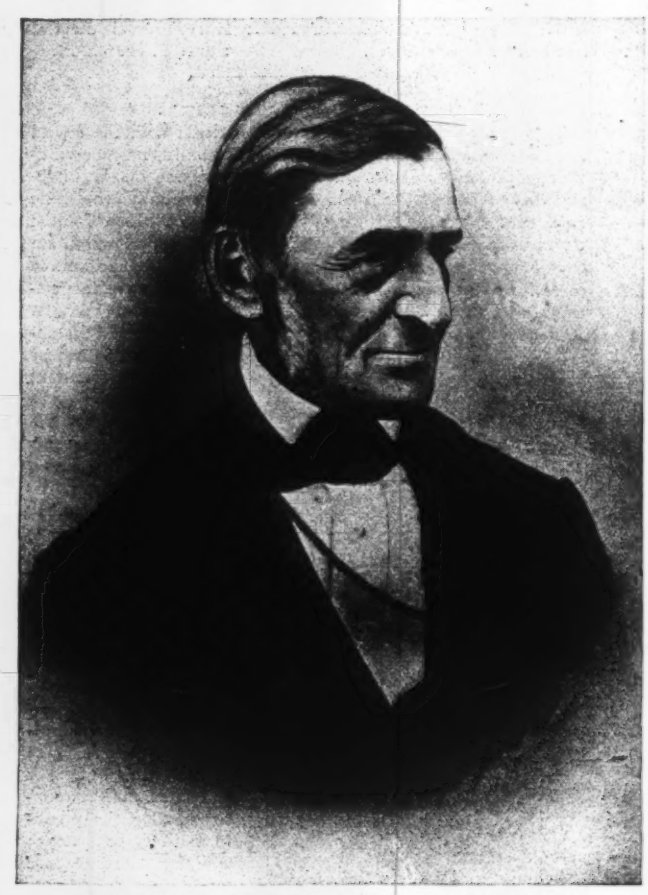
SHAN F. BULLOCK.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
From a photograph in the Alexander Ireland Collection, kindly supplied by Mr. Charles W. Sutton, Free Reference Library, King Street, Manchester.
Photo by Keith, Liverpool.

A STUDY OF METRE.*

Treatises on English metre, when written with the sound taste and extensive knowledge of Mr. Omond's, may be valuable, but cannot be authoritative. The reason is undesignedly expressed in an aphorism of Bacon's, where he says that the painter who would outstrip Nature, "must do it by a kind of felicity, as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music, and not by rule." Here it is assumed as self-evident that the felicities of the musician are inspirations, and this must be equally true of the music of words. In fact we find treatises on metre largely occupied in endeavouring to excuse or expound apparent eccentricities of the poets, amounting frequently to infractions of rule. It is a merit of Mr. Omond's, which he shares with other recent writers, to show that many of these rules have no binding force, being framed to suit a system of quantity which suited the classical languages, but is inapplicable to ours. It is indeed possible to write harmonious quantitative verse in English, but only on condition that quantity shall entirely conform itself to accent; while, in the immense mass of English poetry written on the accentual principle, accent is entirely independent of quantity. It follows that metrical rules in English verse have respect solely to accent. Although, however, an English iambus, for example, is a different thing from a Greek iambus, it is an iambus still; the distinction is merely that what in Greek was short and long has become in English unaccented and accented. We are therefore no advocates for the disuse of the names of the classical feet, which have the advantage of precision; the attempt to dispense with them has rendered some recent treatises on metre very obscure. In the case of the disyllabic feet no difficulty can arise, an English poem composed in disyllabic measure must be either iambic or trochaic, and is most conveniently described by one of these titles, according as the accentual stress falls on the second or the first syllable. Even the licenses which Milton permits himself do not seriously modify this character. With trisyllabic measures, the dactylic perhaps excepted, it is different; amphibrachs and anapaests are so easily interchanged in our language that we have hardly made up our minds that a poem is amphibrachic, for instance, than it becomes anapaestic, and *vice versa*. We should therefore prefer to speak of trisyllabic metre, except in such well

* "A Study of Metre." By T. S. Omond. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)



RALPH WALDO EMERSON AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY.

"And so there Emerson sat, and I looking at him. A good colour in his face, eyes clear, with the well-known expression of sweetness, and the old clear-peering aspect quite the same . . . the truest, sanest, most moral, sweetest literary man on record—unsoiled by pecuniary or any other warp—ever reaching the law within—ever loyally outcropping his own self only—his own poetic and devout soul."—*Walt Whitman's Journal*, Concord, September, 1881.

(Reproduced from Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Ralph Waldo Emerson," by kind permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.)

defined and unmistakable instances as the hexameter. We should nevertheless preserve the names of the feet, which present the advantages of general intelligibility and perfect precision, while most of the modern substitutes are painfully vague. It must nevertheless be remembered that, unlike their classical exemplars, they depend entirely upon accent, and have no relation to quantity. The attempt to write quantitative verse in English independent of accent appears to us like the attempt to make water run up hill. It is practicable, so long as the poet is content to function as a machine, and no longer.

We have no objection to the system of time rather than stress measure favoured by Mr. Omond, if the old names of metrical feet are preserved for convenience, and if it is recognised that no system of scansion can affect the metrical quality of a line. Whether, for example, we scan "The one survives, the many change and pass," as consisting of five disyllabic feet, or regard "the many" and "change" as each constituting a foot, inasmuch as the time occupied in pronunciation is that of an ordinary iambus, the metre is the same. As Mr. Omond says of another line, "Prosodists may hesitate over its scansion, the casual reader makes no demur." The same good sense and freedom from pedantry characterise Mr. Omond's volume in general. He fully recognises that the position of the "casual reader" towards the "prosodist" is that of the jury towards the judge in a libel case, where the unprofessional twelve, though thankful for guidance, are entitled to determine the law no less than the fact. "The appeal," as he says, "is to simple and natural principles patent to all of us, though we may not all realise on what issue the appeal is made."

RICHARD GARNETT.

FOUR TALES BY MR. CONRAD.*

Of men writing fiction just now many are wonderful to me; but the two most wonderful, being almost admirable, are Mr. Henry James and Mr. Joseph Conrad. I am not thinking just now of that particular wonder which is excited by a touch of genius—in a tale, say, by Mr. Barrie or by Mr. Kipling. Genius in itself is always wonderful; but anyone decently acquainted with literature ought to be familiar enough with the shock produced by it. You know the method; you follow it with joy and delight; you come upon the stroke which you know to be masterly, and say, "Here—just here—is the thing which only one man in ten thousand can do." It astonishes; nevertheless you may be said in a fashion to understand it. But Mr. James and Mr. Conrad move in an atmosphere in which I feel myself inexpert, and follow as an amateur, fairly active on another level, stumbles after a Swiss guide. I know that here is good literature; I guess that it is literature touched with genius; I am pleased and even proud to find myself enjoying it whole-heartedly, instead of falling foul of it as certain minds fall foul of Maeterlinck, for instance, because he happens to talk strangely. Still, as an experimenter, over many years, in more objective methods of story-telling (and as a convinced believer, let me say, that the synthetical, objective method of presenting your characters is so much the better than the analytical, as it is the briefer), I begin to stare helplessly when Mr. James and Mr. Conrad tuck up their sleeves and begin to weave a situation round with emotions, scruples, doubts, hesitancies, misunderstandings, understandings, half-understandings; cutting the web sometimes with the fiercest of strokes; anon patiently spinning it again for another slice; and always moving with the calmness of men entirely sure of their methods, and confident that the end of the tale will justify them—as it always does.

Of the four tales in this new volume of Mr. Conrad's I should (from my own inveterate point of view) call the last, entitled "To-morrow," the finest essentially. It tells of an old man with a missing son, who is always to return "to-morrow"; and of a girl forced to listen to his unending tale, until this prospectively returning prodigal becomes a real figure to her; and of the son actually turning up at last—half in jest—only to be beaten from the door by his crazy father, and to wound the heart of the girl—how subtly yet poignantly, you must go to the story to discover. It is brilliantly told, yet not more brilliantly than the first tale, "Typhoon"—a small masterpiece in the style of "The Nigger of the Narcissus," built around a delightfully humorous character. I don't know when downright matter-of-factness (call it not Scotch!) has been more happily hit off than in Captain MacWhirr of the ss. *Nan-Shan*; witness his argument with the chief mate, Mr. Jukes, whose feelings were hurt by the steamer's transference from the British to the Siamese flag:

> The first morning the new flag floated over the stern of the *Nan-Shan* Jukes stood looking at it bitterly from the bridge. He struggled with his feelings for a while, and then remarked,
>
> "Queer flag for a man to sail under, sir."
>
> "What's the matter with the flag?" inquired Captain MacWhirr. "Seems all right to me." And he walked across to the end of the bridge to have a look.
>
> "Well, it looks queer to me," burst out Jukes, greatly exasperated, and flung off the bridge.
>
> Captain MacWhirr was amazed at these manners. After a while he stepped quietly into the chart-room, and opened his "International Signal Code-book" at the plate where the flags of all the nations are correctly figured in gaudy rows. He ran his finger over them, and when he came to Siam he contemplated with great attention the red field and the white elephant. Nothing could be more simple; but to make sure he brought the book out on the bridge for the purpose of comparing the coloured drawing with the real thing at the flag-staff astern. When next Jukes, who was carrying on the duty that day with a sort of suppressed fierceness, happened on the bridge, his commander observed:
>
> "There's nothing amiss with that flag. . . . I looked up the book. Length twice the breadth and the elephant exactly in the middle. I thought the people ashore would know how to make the local flag. Stands to reason. . . . All you have to do is to take

* "Typhoon and Other Stories." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (London: William Heinemann. 1903.)

care they don't hoist the elephant upside down before they get quite used to it."

Jukes . . . turned with immense resolution towards his commander; but Captain MacWhirr spread his elbows on the bridge-rail comfortably. "Because it would be, I suppose, understood as a signal of distress," he went on. "The elephant there, I take it, stands for something in the nature of the Union Jack in the flag . . ."

Of the other two stories, "Amy Foster" seems to me not quite worthy of the author of "Youth," and "Falk" is spoilt for me by a natural repugnance, which perhaps has nothing to do with criticism. But the book as a whole proves amply that Mr. Conrad is not, as some feared, a worker on a vein of ore which may run thin and disappear; that romance with him is rather a spring running fresh and strong, and able to fill as many buckets as time may allow to be brought to it. He has too fine a conscience to permit the buckets to be brought too fast.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

LAYARD OF NINEVEH.*

The title of these two most interesting volumes is a little misleading. They include Sir Henry Layard's own account of his youth and early wanderings, as well as certain letters written at later periods. But the two most interesting stages in Layard's life were certainly the period of excavation at Nineveh, and his embassies at Madrid and Constantinople. An account of these latter has been left by him to be published "when the public interests will permit, and those who might be injured or offended by it have passed away." This time, in the judgment of Mr. Bruce, has not yet come, and these two volumes are in effect supplementary to this unpublished work, and to Layard's brilliant narrative of the discovery of Nineveh. Interesting as they are, they only intensify the wish for a complete and synoptic biography.

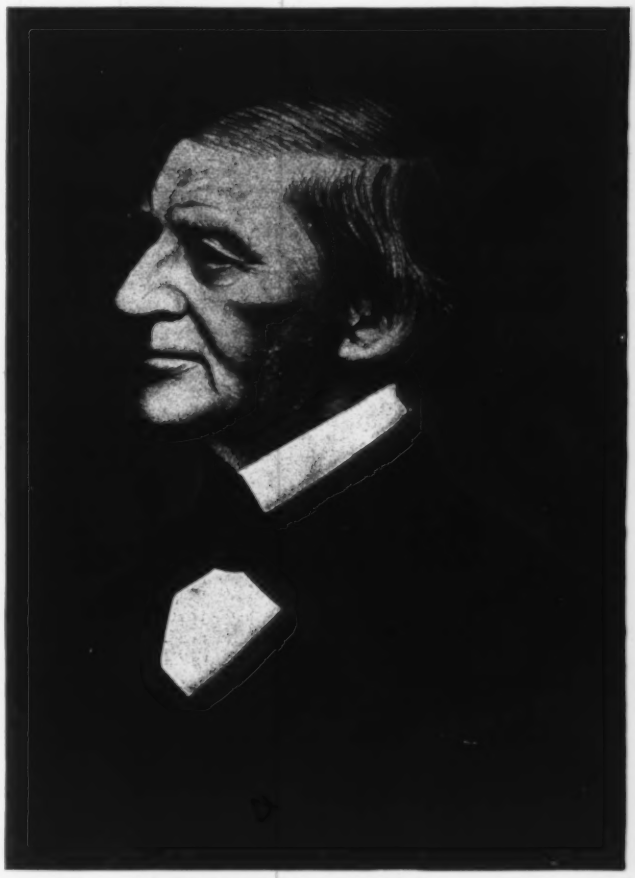
Layard was one of those men who are born to travel, wanderers by temperament, "inspired" travellers. But more than this he was a man for whom the East had a singular fascination. It was perhaps to this rare kinship with the Oriental that he owed the ready welcome he appears to have generally received. It was fortunate that with such tastes and such a temperament Layard escaped the orthodox public school education. Instead he learnt Italian and French, and acquired a taste for art, which was one of his most marked characteristics. At an early age he was placed in a lawyer's office, which proved, as might be supposed, irksome enough; but though he learnt but little law, this period was important because it brought him into contact with "Disraeli the younger," as he was then called, who was in the same chambers with him, and made even less progress in the law. At the same time he was admitted to the circle of Henry Crabb Robinson.

Although even at this time young Layard had seen much more of Europe than most men of his age, his real travels did not begin till he set out on his journey on foot through Eastern Europe and Asia, nominally with the intention of working his way to Ceylon, and there practising in his new profession. He set out soon after passing his examination in company with Edward Mitford. Of this adventurous journey he gives a brilliant and deeply interesting account. He seems to have been struck with the Turks, and devotes many pages to them, several of which—strange as some may think it—deal with the "virtues of the Turks." The knowledge Layard then acquired of Turkey was to be of great service to him. In fact this was really the turning point in his career. He found his way back to Constantinople, and applied to Sir Stratford Canning, who was quick to see that Layard was not a man to be lost. It was when he was more or less unofficially in the service of Sir Stratford Canning that he made his marvellous ride of 600 miles in six days. The home Government, however, fortunately as the event proved, showed the usual official intelligence, or want of it, and refused Canning's application for a diplomatic post for Layard. Before he finally entered the diplomatic service he had made himself famous as the excavator of Nineveh.

There are a few letters in this collection which deal with this period in Layard's life, but they do not add materially to his published works on Nineveh and its discovery. Besides this there is a chapter on Layard's short political career, which was not brilliant, and suggested that his judgment was not always equal to his knowledge. Of his embassies at Madrid and Constantinople we hear nothing, and the second volume in consequence tails off in interest.

Layard had the journalistic faculty for always being "on the spot." He saw the Crimea during the war, India in the Mutiny, and Madrid during the revolution of 1870-1. Though these volumes are mainly made up of his accounts of his early travels, and form only a fragment of the biography that ought some day to be given to the world, they fully justify publication in their present form. The appeal which the East made to Layard's sympathy and imagination gives an exceptional value to everything which he has written.

* "Sir Henry Layard: Autobiography and Letters." Edited by the Hon. W. N. Bruce. 2 vols. 25s. net. (John Murray.)



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

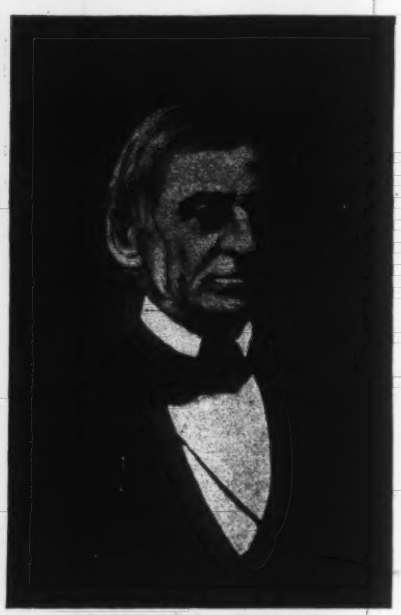
Emerson was tall and slender, not of robust physique, rather sallow in the face, with an aquiline nose, brown hair, and eyes of "strongest and brightest" blue. His head was below the average in circumference—long, narrow, but more nearly equal in anterior and posterior breadth than most heads. His appearance was majestic. He was calm, kindly in expression, and frequently smiled, but seldom laughed.

Rischgitz Collection.

POT-POURRI AGAIN.*

To repeat a success is a very difficult matter; to repeat it twice is so nearly impossible that few care to make the attempt; yet in "A Third Pot-Pourri" Mrs. Earle not only attempts this, but is conspicuously successful. It is every bit as entertaining, as usefully suggestive and chattily informing as its two predecessors, and it touches discursively on as wide a range of subjects. From questions of health, meat eating, vegetarian diet and house management, it passes to gossip at large on gardening and garden lore, on travel in Italy, and Ireland, and incidentally on different phases of the late Boer war, on literature and art, and the hundred and one little and large topics of the day that help to give colour

* "A Third Pot-Pourri." By Mrs. C. W. Earle. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
Photo by Elliott and Fry.

and interest to the lives of all the more intelligent part of the community. The book is supplemented by a journal kept by the author's father-in-law of his tour in the north of Europe in 1825-26; and by the last letters of Captain Sydney Earle, who fought and died in the early days of the South African campaign.

Dip into these pages wherever you will, you are sure to come upon something that is worth reading. They are written with all the charm and freshness and homely wisdom that carried the other two "Pot-Pourri" books so rapidly into popular favour, and to any who are familiar with those others, our recommendation of this would be a work of supererogation, but to any who are not, we do most heartily recommend it.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. INDEX AND EPITOME.*

This great work deserves unqualified praise. It contains in one handy and convenient volume of nearly 1,500 pages a very careful epitome of the Dictionary of National Biography, bearing to the original a ratio of one-fourteenth. In the difficult task Mr. Lee has had many assistants, and it is bare justice to say that they have given us a book which will never be superseded. After a minute examination of many pages we have failed to detect a real inaccuracy. The contributors have not entirely failed in putting some individuality into the memoirs. Here and there we have opinions that have perhaps passed beyond the sphere of doubt. For example, Mr. Gladstone has a whole page, and the memoir concludes: "As an orator Gladstone's only contemporary rival was John Bright; as a financier he can only be compared with Walpole and Pitt and Peel." An odd sentence comes under Samuel Johnson: "Johnson holds the highest rank among conversationalists, and his style shows some dialectical power." The admirable moderation of this is distinctly pleasing.

Novel Notes.

THE UNTILLED FIELD. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)

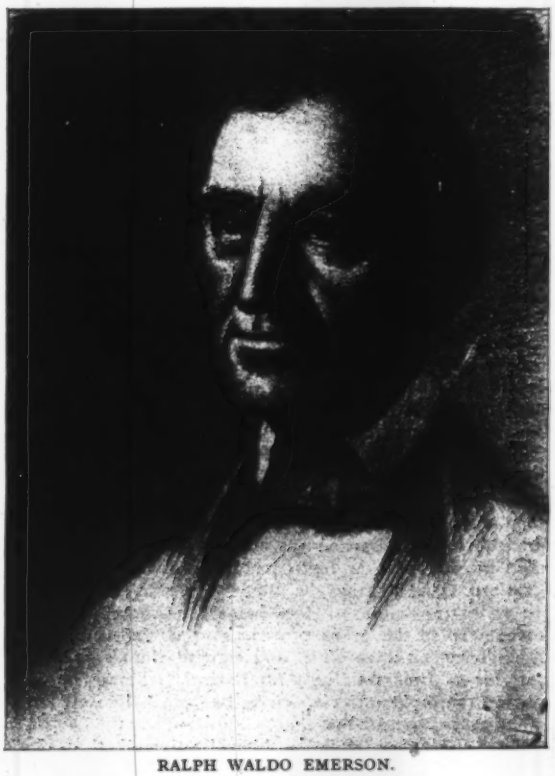
In this series of short stories Mr. George Moore sets out to show that it is the stagnant religious bigotry and superstition of the race, and the petty, intolerable tyrannies of the priesthood that are stultifying spiritual and material life in Ireland, and goading her children into emigration. Incidentally, he seems to have lost faith in the possibility of the much-heralded Celtic renaissance. What is more to the point, he pictures the state of the country with as fine a realism, as subtle a knowledge of humanity, and as quick an insight into the springs of human action as he has ever employed. Some of the stories are slightly marked by those characteristics that have made him famous, and prevented his being more so; but, in the main, they have a wiser reticence, and therefore a more artistic finish than usual. Whether you read them for their character drawing, their narrative power, or their underlying purpose, they are an intensely interesting series, and make up a brilliant and remarkable book.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK. By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The character of Bria, in Mr. Pugh's "Stumbling Block," is a remarkably clever and original study. No common type of girl, she is indubitably drawn from life—passionate, painfully self-conscious, sensitively proud, and by her exasperating obstinacies and caprices bringing infinite suffering upon herself and all who love her. The simple, honest, handsome Gascon Basterfield, her loyal, much-enduring lover, and the kittenish Jill Armourer, who for a brief spell tempts him from his allegiance, are drawn with equal insight and cunning. Mr. Pugh has brought some conscience to his work; the story is full of interest and poignantly human; it is written with humour and with pathos, and with an artistic instinct that is not common in modern fiction.

THE GOLD WOLF. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

The millionaire of fiction is generally a bloated and uncultured object, with nothing to recommend him but his money. In "The Gold Wolf" Mr. Pemberton makes a new departure, and gives us an educated and refined millionaire, who, growing rich without shedding his humanity, has merely added money to his other good qualities. Dudley Hatton is married to the beautiful, aristocratic Lady Hermione—she married him for his great wealth, but he married her wholly for herself, and hungers for her love and sympathy. Breaking down under stress of work, he is warned by his doctor that unless he has immediate rest and change he will be in a lunatic asylum in less than six months. When Dudley breaks this news to his wife she remains cold and unsympathetic, and merely urges him to abandon altogether the business she has always looked upon with contempt. He reproaches her, and they quarrel, and part on bad terms. Dudley spends the night in his study, a prey to the most awful apprehensions and imaginings. When he rouses himself at dawn, as from some dark slumber, and goes to his wife's room, he finds her dead on the floor, and is stricken with an awful fear that in some temporary aberration, during the night, he had killed her. Others learn of his doubt



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
(Reproduced from *Scribner's Monthly.*)

* "Dictionary of National Biography. Index and Epitome." Edited by Sidney Lee. 25s. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

and try to take advantage of it, and the story is of how he unravelled the mystery of her death, and found, at last, the happiness and the love he desired. A novel of most absorbing interest, very ably constructed, and written with all Mr. Pemberton's usual skill. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's numerous illustrations are remarkably fine—one of the figures in the illustration fronting page 26 is a really wonderful study in character and facial expression.

CATHERINE STERLING. By Norma Lorimer. 6s. (Heinemann.)

At the first blush, it seems as if "Catherine Sterling" is to develop into a reversion to that type of novel that was thought rather shocking some years ago, but now produces no sensation except of weariness. Here, you think, is a belated problem novel in which a high-souled hero and heroine, seeing the hollow foolishness of marrying, live together unmarried, bound by love only; of course, the experiment will fail, but they will have no children, hence the problem will be merely played with and not solved, for the problem really would consist of the children. Happily these anticipations are but partially justified. Catherine arrives in Japan to find her father just dead there, and herself alone and almost without means. In these circumstances she consents to defy her native conventions and live as the wife of John Paston, he assuring her "it is a marriage in His sight," and pleading that his own wife is an incurable lunatic, and "it is man's law not God's" that prevents them having the Church's blessing. Later, John dies; and Catherine, who is childless and has inherited unexpected wealth from her late father, returns to England, resolved to bury her past discreetly. In England, she meets and loves another man, but dares not tell him her secret, for he is something of a prude, and has lofty ideals of womanhood, and at the critical juncture Hugh Dowling, who knew and loved her in Japan, and whom she feared and almost hated, reappears, apparently leaving her no choice but that of marrying him or having her shame revealed. The end is wholly unforeseen, and is as pleasantly idyllic and natural as the opening is strained and unreal. On the whole, an interesting story, told with a great deal of cleverness.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
From a bust by Daniel C. French.

"I think it is very seldom that a face combines such vigour and strength in the general form and plan with such exceeding delicacy and sensitiveness in the details. . . . When the bust was approaching completion he looked at it after one of the sittings, and said, 'The trouble is, the more it resembles me, the worse it looks.'"—Letter from D. C. French to J. E. Cabot.

(Reproduced from the *Century Magazine.*)

HIS GRACE'S GRACE. By C. Ranger Gull. 6s. (Greening and Co.)

"No one," runs a sentence in this book, "has ever written a first-class novel of university life, and it is extremely improbable that any one ever will." This is a characteristic sentence from this story, the style of which, in the extreme dogmatism of its utterances, suggests a rather irritating sense of youthfulness. The author, nevertheless, with what intention we know not, has placed the scene of his story for the most part at Oxford University. It is possible that he undertook, by this means, to prove his assertion, and indeed, after reading the book, we find that we cannot challenge him, at least from this point of view, although his glimpses of Oxford life are decidedly refreshing and interesting. The principal characters are two young undergraduates, Bernard Luxmore, the son of a country vicar, poor, possessing brains, and a good fellow, and the Duke of Dover, wealthy, and a good fellow. Two-thirds of the tale deals with descriptions of social life at Oxford, and long and brilliant conversation between the two young men, which afford an admirable opportunity for the author's weakness for epigrams. These conversations are chiefly of a cynical nature, and represent a perfect firework display, and it is somewhat of a relief that we approach the latter part of the book, where we are introduced, much to our amazement, into the moonlight of sentiment. Luxmore takes his friend under an assumed name to the country vicarage, forgetting that he has a sister, and then we have some charming comedy—a double love interest and some clever characterisation. And this is by far the best part of a book which is altogether clever and entertaining throughout.

EMERSON'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

"Mr. Alcott, in 1847, fashioned from gnarled limbs of pine, oak, with knotty excrescences and straight trunks of cedar, a fantastic but pleasing structure, some hundred steps from the house, for a retired study for his friend. . . . In spite of its real beauty, which drew many people to see it, the draughts (for it was full of apertures for doors and windows) and the mosquitoes from the meadow close by made it untenable, and my father never used it as a study."—Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Edward W. Emerson.

THE BOOK OF MONTHS. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

In this book the author has attempted a new departure, and with considerable success. Even had it not been so successful, its nature would have rendered it an exceedingly interest-

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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ing one. He has written it, we fancy, not so much to his publisher's order as to his own. Such a book will, in the nature of things, possess an individuality which a more workmanlike production would not contain. The book is, in brief, a record of experiences, material and emotional, with the thoughts to which they have given birth, within the space of one year. We do not say that the book is entirely autobiographical, but it is so for the most part. It is infused throughout with the author's personality, and he reveals to us his inmost thoughts and emotions. The charm of the book lies in its perfect sincerity, and no one will take it up but will find in it something which will bring him into closer relation with himself, and inspire in him a greater sense of the joy of life. We like the author best in his charming narration of incident and travel, and in several subtle passages of psychological retrospection, in which vein we can recommend to the book-lover the exposition of the stages of a book's development in the author's mind, from its conception, through the slow torture of production, till it becomes a thing that is seen and handled, as told by Mr. Benson under the month of March.

THE BANNER OF BLUE. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

In this strong book Mr. Crockett has given us another moving drama of comparatively modern life. It may be because the author has been a clergyman, it may be because all the moving problems of our human nature are unsurpassably illustrated in the Bible, that the story which the author unfolds so powerfully, should subtlely suggest its influence. There was a wicked old man who had two sons, the one wild and the other tame. The wild one was loved by his father and the other was not. The two young men of his house fall in love, according to their natures, with two young girls of a house inferior in social standard. That and its almost natural development, form the skeleton of the tale which Mr. Crockett has clothed in such warm, living humanity. The scene is laid in Midlothian, in the tumultuous religious upheaval of '43, when the small tinkling bells of conscience sounded in that solid apathetic stillness which falls upon every church and melted it into a flood of feeling. And the author's knowledge of the time and the men of it, have never been put to better account than in some of the pictures and characters he presents us with, and in the portrayal of which he is at his best. He has got away from that peep-show romanticism of medieval Europe, which, however picturesque and stirring, is as hard as its own armour, and compared to this, resembles a procession of bronze figures to a charmingly painted landscape. With them, Mr. Crockett fails to penetrate their iron crusts, and must needs make up for it by a prodigious shivering of swords and processional effects, very different from the keen insight, knowledge of character, and warm humanity which permeates this book. And it is especially welcome in that its historical aspect is, in a measure, reproduced in the south, and in the reflection that there is nothing like a bitter persecution for conscience sake, to stir the religious life of a people. It is the plough applied afresh to land which runs a danger of becoming fallow, for which thanks are due to the invisible ploughman, and even to the unconscious plough, which in this context, forms a modern illustration of Samson's riddle.

EMERSON'S GRAVE.

Ralph Waldo Emerson died on April 27th, 1882, and was buried in the cemetery at Concord, on a hill-top east of Sleepy Hollow, directly under a tall pine. Near by are the graves of Thoreau and Hawthorne.

"The boulder's rugged outline power implies;
The rose tints, gleaming through the quartz, suggest
That inward light which energised and crowned
A gracious spirit, kindly, keen, and wise."
—"At Emerson's Grave," by Charlotte Brewster Jordan.

Rischgitz Collection.

THE BONNET CONSPIRATORS. By Violet A. Simpson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Miss Simpson has produced a very pleasing story, full of episode, and told in an original way. The conspirators are for the most part forced into the conspiracy against their will, but for all that they conspire to excellent effect. The story turns upon some lace in a bonnet, which, unknown to the fortunate, or unfortunate wearer, really contains a cipher. Hence come many complications, all satisfactorily cleared up in the end. The heroine is a charming conspirator and an even more charming character, and the minor parts are all well filled. Indeed, Miss Simpson is to be congratulated on having written a rattling story with a novel plot. We have read nothing better of its kind lately than "The Bonnet Conspirators."

THE SUBSTITUTE. By Will N. Harben. 6s. (Harper and Brothers.)

This is an American story, and the character drawing is done with the rather charming optimism that so frequently characterises American fiction when dealing with life in some minor town or country village. It is almost as if, away from the contagion of cities, the Yankee still retained, along with the cuteness which is always one side of the disposition, a large element of freshness and good humour, and an admirable faculty for simple and generous enthusiasms. In "The Substitute" almost everybody is what one might call a "likeable" person. And the gossip, the small talk, the intense engrossment in other people's affairs as being practically the one great means of enriching the meagre eventfulness of one's own, which forms part of the habits of any small community, stirs a homeliness of feeling, as comfortable as a sudden entrance upon a cheerful fireside. The central figure in the book is the son of a man who gets five years' imprisonment for theft. The boy had been adopted, educated, was one of the most promising young men in the town, and in love with the daughter of the one aristocratic family resident there. The disgrace of his father's conviction starts the craving for drink gnawing like a living beast within him. He is pulled up by a sudden insight into torture secretly endured for years by his adopted father, who during a fit of rage accidentally killed a man in his youth. There are other supporting interests in the story, but the principal action is concerned with the love affair of the two deeply frustrated young people, and its final pleasant conclusion. "The Substitute" distinctly refreshes, and at the same time is grounded on a basis of careful observation. If events and people are finally handled a little more genially than would have been the case in reality, the reader is aware that the reason for their being so is less a false perception of life's methods, than a desire for cheer's sake, to seize one of the rare occasions when destiny does eventually reward the decently behaved, and work out cordial episodes for the deserving.

NINE POINTS OF THE LAW. By Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson. 6s. (Lane.)

Perhaps one may give some idea of the quality of "Nine Points of the Law" by saying that it is a blend of Anstey and Jerome—the plot is conceived in the broadly farcical spirit of the one and written with the subtler humour of the other. Which is not to suggest that Mr. Jackson imitates either; he is his own man, and his style is quaintly original. Mr. Wayzgoose (the name is a mistake; the humour of it is too cheap, and it makes one resent his marrying pretty Alice Mavors) accidentally unearths certain treasure in a forest. He romances to himself about it, and secretly conveys it to his lodging. But the treasure has been burgled from the house of Mr. Mavors, his employer, and Wayzgoose has tried to dispose of some of it, has been shadowed by the burglars and by the police, and scared into flying abroad with his ill-gotten wealth before he knows to whom it really belongs. The subsequent complications in which he is involved, how Mr. Mavors himself unknowingly helps him to evade justice, and how Wayzgoose ultimately extricates himself from his difficulties without loss of character, make most delightful reading. It is a book of genuine farcical humour, and should be in great demand during holiday seasons.

THE LORD OF THE DARK RED STAR. By E. Lee-Hamilton. 6s. (Walter Scott.)

This is a picturesque story of the famous, or infamous, Ezelins of Romano. Mr. Lee-Hamilton has a real grasp of the troubled history of medieval Italy, and considerable power of poetic writing. The book contains some strong and effective passages, but the poet has proved too strong for the novelist, and the story, as a story, has suffered from the undue prominence given to the supernatural element. Indeed the motto, Shelley's famous lines,

> "Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
> Played at dice for Ezelin,
> Till Death cried, 'I win, I win,'"

and the sub-title, "The Story of the Supernatural Influences in the Life of an Italian Despot," are a sufficient indication of the general spirit of the book.

PARK LANE. By Percy White. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. White's insight into the average worldly disposition has very delicate accuracy. Within prescribed limits his touch is sure, interesting, a revelation of comprehension and many-sided knowledge. Nothing could be more closely veracious than the present study of the successful commercial temperament in John Tully Drew. The two women also, who so largely fill the book, are invariably convincing. The reader is at no time assailed with hesitations as to whether any given action is within the range of likelihood. One trusts Mr. White to make no errors with the material taken. His thistles do not suddenly bring forth grapes, or his grapes thistles. Nevertheless, though "Park Lane" is both clever and well written, it somehow falls a little flat before the termination. Possibly the people are a shade too normal, a shade too shallow in temperament. Of their truth to life there is not the smallest doubt, but they are among its dull and unamusing members. As regards the women, for instance, no question of excitement is possible—the behaviour of either *could* offer no surprises, and potentiality is a valuable quality in the characters of any novel. We quarrel with them the more consciously, because interesting people—from the point of view of character-drawing—are by no means rare. Even in the part of the world Mr. White has chosen, grace, feeling, even diverse wickedness and some considerable complexity of disposition, are frequently to be found. Pauline and Mrs. Grace Gerald pervade the air with the vulgarity of suburban heart-burnings. The men are excellent—John Tully Drew is like a portrait in which the painter has aimed absolutely for the living individual behind the mask, and drawn through the bland exterior all the mean dulness which is one form of strength.

THE LADY OF THE CAMEO. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is a good old-fashioned melodrama on orthodox lines. There are several bold, bad men of varying degrees of villainy, a distressed and charming damsel, a stalwart hero, and an impish small boy in the rôle of assistant detective. Of these materials Mr. Gallon makes excellent use, and though he would probably be the last to expect his book to be taken too seriously, "The Lady of the Cameo" is a good specimen of its kind. It is exciting, mysterious, and highly improbable; in short it possesses all that is requisite in stories of this type.

The Bookman's Table.

LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND. By Elizabeth Butler. With sixteen illustrations by the author. In colour. 7s. 6d. net. (A. and C. Black.)

Lady Butler journeyed through the Holy Land, and was not disenchanted; the painter of "The Roll Call" might, indeed, be safely trusted to appreciate the essentials, and allow no over-prominence to the things which jar. Mile after mile she went over the ground trodden by Christ, from Bethlehem to Calvary, and the impression left on her was deep, intense. "It is like riding through the Bible," she says in one letter; and again, "At such times as this" [when overlooking Lake Galilee] "the sense of Our Lord's Presence is almost more than one's mortal heart can hold." This is the spirit of this beautiful book. Disease, squalor, self-seeking were present in Our Lord's time: these should not now prove too great a distraction and disappointment to a devout nature. Yet, allowing for this, as we read we feel, and we cannot help thinking Lady Butler felt, far more of the solemnity and sacredness of the pilgrimage when looking down from Olivet, when gazing on Jordan and the Dead Sea, and, more than all, when above, or beside, or on the waters of that wonderful Sea of Galilee, than when treading the stones of Jerusalem herself, or visiting its holy spots and buildings. In the unchanging mountains and lakes and plains can be fully felt the holy past; in Jerusalem, even in Nazareth, there is too much of the obliterating, changing hand of man—perhaps, too, there are here too many hints of the "pious fraud." Among the illustrations, also, dignified and suggestive as they all are, those of the Sea of Galilee seem to hold most of the wide, inspired feeling wrought by devout thought, and by the memories of such a land. The volume is an unaffected, sincere record of deep impressions.

SONGS OF WOMANHOOD. By Laurence Alma Tadema. 3s. net. (Grant Richards.)

If it were possible, there would be many quotations from the sections dividing this book, but there would be no ending if one began. In Miss Tadema's drama of "The Unseen Helmsman" was some of her finest work, and if her genius were not in a remarkable degree dramatic, she could not interpret the feeling of others for others as finely and sympathetically as she does here. The conviction that this is a poet's work increases in strength as we read, and though it does not everywhere satisfy an artist's feeling for music, its faults are not indications of weakness, but the reverse, one would say. The songs in the section devoted to children are not for those children exactly, since what we have is the expression of that unanalysable feeling which only their mothers can understand, but to the reader it matters little. The finely conceived ballad of "The Faithful Wife" falls naturally into its place in the book, but it is not so easy to follow as it should be, and the poet ought not to mind being asked for the one or two verses it lacks. The sonnet is "The Soul's Sanctuary," and in the sequence of sonnets which follows is some of the finest work in this volume. Instance the one beginning "Of yore," which ends with the following lines:

> "When climbing noons began to softly burn,
> There seemed a tender joy in every bud
> That swelled and burst, in every little spear
> That broke the clods; and Spring sang in my blood
> As in the sap; and all that lived was dear.
> These treasures now are veiled and strange and far,
> Whilst I go wandering where your footprints are."

As certain to be understood and respected are the feelings expressed in the sonnet contrasting the "Within" and "Without" of this life. After these have been read, we pass into the open again. Not everyone loves the cuckoo, but he only gives his name here to an inspired panegyric of Spring, the sustained beauty of which will be noted, and that of other poems from the same source—the beautiful "Summer Ending," for instance. Miss Tadema is not so happy in song

as in the reflective mood, or, as we have said, in drama, and in the pieces addressed to children there is more of sing-song than pure singing (perhaps see-sawing expresses it better), but the inevitability of the lyric is not achieved by one in a thousand singers, and while some lack the true musical note, there are others of Nature's setting that flow with a streamlike movement from their source in the heart of the sea. Instance "The Flower and the Bud," p. 40. It has been easier to say there is true poetry in Miss Tadema's book than to account for the charm it has.

POMPEII OF THE WEST AND OTHER POEMS. By John Hall Ingham. 6s. net. (Lippincott.)

These verses reflect the varying moods and fancies of a thoughtful and imaginative temperament. Now and then Mr. Ingham is too easy with himself, and declines upon a baldly conventional expression or a line without colour or grace, but in the main he reaches a high level of poetical achievement. He has no pose, which is a thing to be thankful for; and he writes like a man who finds his chief happiness in looking out of himself into the splendours and sorrows of the world about him. It is the human note of his poetry that will remain longest in our memory, wherefore we make room to quote, as an example, the last verse of "Coronation Day"—the king sought for and found being no earthly king—

"Some day, when other things fail, ye will sigh for him—
Eyes very weary, and hearts fain to break—
Ready to live for him, ready to die for him—
Gladly to give up the world for his sake!
Then, it may be, from the dark river yonder
Into the light of your longings will spring
The glow of a presence, a vision of wonder,
The crowning of hope—the face of the King!"

THE PARIS SKETCH BOOK. THE IRISH SKETCH BOOK. THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Walter Jerrold. With illustrations by Charles E. Brock. 3 vols. 3s. net each. (Dent.)

Nothing written by Thackeray is entirely devoid of interest, but there is no doubt that the Sketch Books are among the least attractive of his works, and it is more than probable, if it had not been for his subsequent successes, these volumes would never have been reprinted. "The Imitations of Béranger" were the best items in the original edition of "The Paris Sketch Book"—they are omitted in this edition because they were afterwards included among the "Ballads"; and "The Irish Sketch Book" is best remembered because it contains the delightful verses "Peg of Limavaddy." On the other hand, "The Yellowplush Papers," which appeared earlier, are "the real thing," and the same may be said of the "Jeames's Diary." "The Fitz-Boodle Papers" do not rank very high in the list of Thackeray's writings; but "A Legend of the Rhine," the first of his burlesques, can always be read with enjoyment. The bibliographical notes are brief, and occasionally require supplementing. It might have been mentioned that "An Invasion of France" was originally printed in "The Corsair" (New York), under the title of "Off to France"; that "Madame Sand and the New Apocalypse" originally appeared in that journal as "Madame Sand and Spiridion"; and that, when published in "The National Standard," "The Devil's Wager" concluded, "The moral of this story will be given in several successive numbers," and that the last words were altered to "in the second edition" only when reprinted in "The Paris Sketch Book." There is one mistake: "Cartouche" appeared in the issue of "The Corsair" dated October 19th, 1839, not 1840. It is not clear why, among the writings of "Jeames," Mr. Jerrold includes "Jeames on Time Bargings," "Jeames on the Gauge Question," and "Mr. Jeames Again," and does not reprint "A Seasonable Word on Railways" (October 4th, 1845), "Mr. Jeames' Sentiments on the Cambridge Election" (March 6th, 1847), "Persecution of British Footmen" (April 1st, 8th, 1848), and "Thoughts on a New Comedy" (February 2nd, 1850), all of which appeared in *Punch* as from the erudite ex-footman. Reference is made to "Fashnable Fox and Polite Annygoats"—not "Fashionable" as Mr. Jerrold writes—as the first of Thackeray's acknowledged contributions to "Fraser's Magazine"; but nothing is said of a contribution more than three years before (May, 1834): a version of Béranger's "Il était un Roi d'Yvetot." Finally, Mr. Jerrold reprints "Fitz-Boodle's Professions," but he omits to state that he has deleted the "Third Profession," which, since it appeared in "Fraser's Magazine," has only been reprinted in "Thackeray's Stray Papers." These are all small matters, but the bibliographer cannot be too careful. The illustrations by Mr. Brock are very clever and quite in harmony with the text. Perhaps the best is the full-page drawing, "Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you've been smoking."

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Vol. III. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

The "Jewish Encyclopædia," which is to be completed in twelve volumes, has now reached the third. And as one looks through the pages, admires the illustrations, and settles for a little on this or that article, his amazement at the vastness of the undertaking grows, as well as his admiration of the editorial skill and care. The articles are of the same character as those in the preceding volumes. Thus we find a number of cities mentioned as the resort of Jews—Berlin, Bristol, Cambridge, Boston, Birmingham, as well as countries like Canada and California. Distinguished Rabbis are also immortalised by being accorded a niche in this temple of Fame. But the articles which will no doubt chiefly attract attention are those on the Bible and Cabala. Under the general heading "Bible," several subjects are treated, the Canon by Professors Blau and Schmidt; the Editions by Professor Gottheil; the Manuscripts by J. Broyde; and the Exegesis by the great scholar Bacher of Buda Pest and Dr. McCurdy of Toronto. One of the most beautiful illustrations in the volume is the first page of a richly illuminated Hebrew Bible written in Spain in the year 1476. There is also a most useful pedigree of the Hebrew Bible. And this volume, like its predecessors, is rich in curious information.

THE DIARY OF A TURK. By Halil Halid. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

This exceedingly interesting book is intended to correct many mistaken notions about Turkey which are prevalent in England. The author, modestly feeling that the real subject of the "Diary" is not a Turk, but the Turks, has interpolated in his brief autobiography much general information about Turkish customs and ways of life. A book of this nature hardly calls for detailed examination. It is enough to say that it is clear and well written, and full of information on points of which the average Englishman is exhaustively ignorant.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JUNE, 1903.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons out from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

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Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

The New Books of the Month.

APRIL 15TH TO MAY 15TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CLARKE, THOMAS, M.D.—The Secrets of the Prophetic "Times," 6d. net ..... (Digby, Long)

DAVIDSON, J. P. F., M.A.—Retreat Addresses to Women, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Wells Gardner)

Eden and Gethsemane: Addresses for Communion Services. By Various Writers. 3s. 6d. net ..... (James Robinson)

HUNTINGTON, WILLIAM REED, D.D.—Four Key-Words of Religion, 2s. ..... (Wells Gardner)

The author terms this "An Essay in Unsystematic Divinity," and in thoughtful fashion discourses on what he takes as "key-words," viz., Life, Light, Law, Love. Apart from their alliteration, they are illuminating, greatly important words; and dwelt on in these pages they are indeed key-words to the riddle of real and ideal existence. "The very best things," says Dr. Huntington, "all of them, elude definition; it is only the second-best that submit to the indignity of letting themselves be explained." But without defining these four powers, the author proves them to be primary forces, and does so in a scholarly and suggestive manner.

LAMBERT, REV. JOHN C., B.D.—The Sacraments in the New Testament. Kerr Lectures for 1903. 10s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh)

LUSHINGTON, VEN. F. DE W., M.A.—The Character of the Saint, 1s. 3d. net. ..... (Wells Gardner)

McCABE, JOSEPH.—Church Discipline, 3s. net ..... (Duckworth)

MULLAN, REV. DAVID, B.A.—The Nature of the Pentecostal Baptism, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Jarrold)

ORR, JAMES, M.A., D.D.—Ritschlianism. Expository and Critical Essays. 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

Our Promised Peace: Thoughts on the Incarnation. Selected and arranged by the Rev. T. T. Norgate. 2s. 6d. (Wells Gardner)

RUTLEDGE, REV. DAVID D., M.A., M.B., CH.M.—Christ, Anti-Christ, and Millennium, 7s. 6d. net (Marshall Brothers)

The author of this volume finds in the Bible clear statements of the doctrine that Christ will come to reign upon this earth for a thousand years, and that this second coming is not far distant. There is no question of the sincerity and the deeply serious searching of the Scriptures which has led to this view. The argument is that of the Pre-Millenarian—that a second and a personal appearing of Christ will take place before the end of the world, and while the earth is still unconverted. A literal, as against a figurative, meaning is claimed for the references to the Advent of our Lord in the Scriptures; and the book is a careful exposition, earnestly, even passionately, stated.

STEWART, A. MORRIS, M.A.—The Temptation of Jesus, 6s. (Andrew Melrose)

Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon. The Bible Classics Series. 1s. net ..... (Gay and Bird)

FICTION.

BAYLISS, HELEN.—A Woman in the City, 6s. ..... (John Long)

Miss Helen Bayliss, who appears to be a new writer, has taken for her chief character a superbly beautiful woman, of strong passions and impulses, yet without any particular standard of moral action. This woman, whose main desire seems to be luxuriously free—fêted, loved, admired, but always free—is shown under varying influences and in many moods. The power of a beautiful picture is that which awakens her at last to a better life, the masterpiece of an artist named Molensky, in which he has represented London as a beautiful Magdalene weeping at the feet of Christ. The novel contains some striking situations and some vivid writing. If the author will be careful against over-indulgence in the melodramatic, and will study living, individual character, she may do some good work.

BROOKFIELD, MRS. CHARLES.—The Diary of a Year: Passages in the Life of a Woman of the World. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

CARLYLE, JOHN NEWMAN.—Sour Music, 6s. (A. and C. Black)

A simple love-story, with the contrasted natures of two men as its chief motive. The somewhat unoriginal theme is deftly handled, and the story, though not pretending to be great, is true in feeling and in result. There is no strain, nor is there any attempt at exciting false interest by coincidence or adventure; the thing is simple, honestly written, and natural.

CARR, M. E.—George Goring's Daughters, 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)

CONRAD, JOSEPH.—Typhoon, and Other Stories, 6s. (Heinemann)

COOK, GEORGE CRAM.—Roderick Taliaferro: A Story of Maximilian's Empire. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

CUTCLIFFE HYNE, C. J.—Captain Kettle, K.C.B. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Pearson)

DANBY, FRANK.—Pigs in Clover, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

DEVEREUX, ROY.—Reprobate Silver, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)

DIEHL, A. M.—Fire, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

DIXON, UNDINE.—Shapes of Clay, 3s. 6d. ..... (Treherne)

DOUGLAS, SIR GEORGE.—The Man of Letters, 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

ELLIOT, ANNE.—Mansell's Millions, 6s. ... (Hurst and Blackett)

FINDLAY, JAMES THOMAS.—Silent Places, 6s. (Digby, Long)

FLETCHER, J. S.—The Secret Way, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

FOSTER, BERTHA CLEMENTIA.—The House on the Mine, 6s. (Henry J. Drane)

GILMAN, BRADLEY.—Ronald Carnaquay, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

In this story of "a commercial clergyman" the author utters a telling indictment of the evils in the Church life in America. The false aims, the low standards, the lack of integrity, the carelessness for higher motives, the scorn for ideals—all these are depicted, and a trouble which is surely sapping the life and truth from "religion" is frankly revealed. But apart from the "motive" to be found in "Ronald Carnaquay," the story is one of strong, broad emotions, and quiet humour. Lawrence Freeman, the young pastor of Emmanuel Church, is a fine centre figure, if occasionally priggish. Ronald Carnaquay is almost masterly, and the numerous other characters are touched and handled with a practised hand. In the social life of Republican America "caste lines are as clearly defined as anywhere amid the 'effete monarchies of Europe.'" This is the ironical result in most, if not all, so-called Republics, and the fact is used with great effect in this volume. Deep below the humour, however, lies a lesson, and one statement of the author comes almost as a blow in the face. The demand creates the supply. The contemptible pastor is with us because we have demanded, created, nourished him. This is throwing a heavy responsibility on religious bodies.

GISSING, ALGERNON.—Knitters in the Sun, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

GREEN, ANNA KATHARINE.—A Difficult Problem, 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock)

HALES, A. G.—Angel Jim, 6s. ..... (Treherne)

HARBEN, WILL N.—The Substitute, 6s. ..... (Harpers)

HARRISON, FREDERICK.—"Parson Dick," 3s. net (A. H. Stockwell)

HARTE, BRET.—Trent's Trust, and Other Stories, 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

HEDDLE, ETHEL F.—Strangers in the Land, 6s. ..... (Blackie)

Miss Heddle gives us here one of the most charming books she has ever written, and that is high praise indeed. In a kindly, smiling manner she tells of the journey of two elderly maiden ladies to Java, accompanied by a young and delightful girl, who describes herself on the occasion as a "kind of cross between a lady's maid and a Cook's guide." There is tragedy at the back of the affair, a dark matter to be settled by the eldest lady before she can die in peace; but, nevertheless, the humour seems to predominate, at least it is the brightness of the book which remains in the mind at the end. The life and events in Java are admirably presented, and the whole forms a book which without being dull is wholesome, without being a girl's book is a book any girl would delight in.

HILL, HEADON.—The Duke Decides. Illustrated. 6s. (Cassell)

The duke decides—when he is a duke—that he will have nothing more to do with the gang of New York swindlers to whom he recklessly sold himself when he was a penniless heir. The duke's decision is a thing which has to be delicately made known to the gang, however, for horrible things are planned for anyone who plays false to these swindlers or tries to break with them. Mr. Headon Hill is as an expert conjuror with plots and dangers, grouping his figures, and seemingly entangling his threads in hopeless knots, only to sort everything out straight and clear and happy—except in the case of the undeserving—at the end. "The game is the planting of faked United States Treasury Bonds on the Bank of England to the tune of three million sterling." The arch-villain is a "white-bearded wire-puller in an invalid chair." The result is exciting.

HOCKING, SILAS K.—A Bonnie Saxon. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Warne)

HORNUNG, E. W.—No Hero, 3s. 6d. ..... (Smith, Elder)

A clever piece of characterisation; a narrow yet wide theme. Browning's poem, "A Light Woman," will reveal the motive. A man home from the war, where he has been something of a hero, goes, out of deep feeling for a boy's mother, to a Swiss hotel to save that boy from the wiles of a scheming widow. This is the case, on the surface. The seemingly unimportant theme is veraciously and delicately handled. The boy is saved. But there is much more than "surface" to the story, and there is genuine feeling.

"And I,—what I seem to my friend, you see:
What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess:
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